Gc
977.202
F77fm
1920

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 02301 7996

Gc 977.202 F77fm 1920
Ft. Wayne high and manual
training school
The Caldron

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/caldron00fort_9

THE CALDRON ANNUAL

CLASS OF NINETEEN-TWENTY

OF THE FORT WAYNE HIGH and

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

ADRIFT

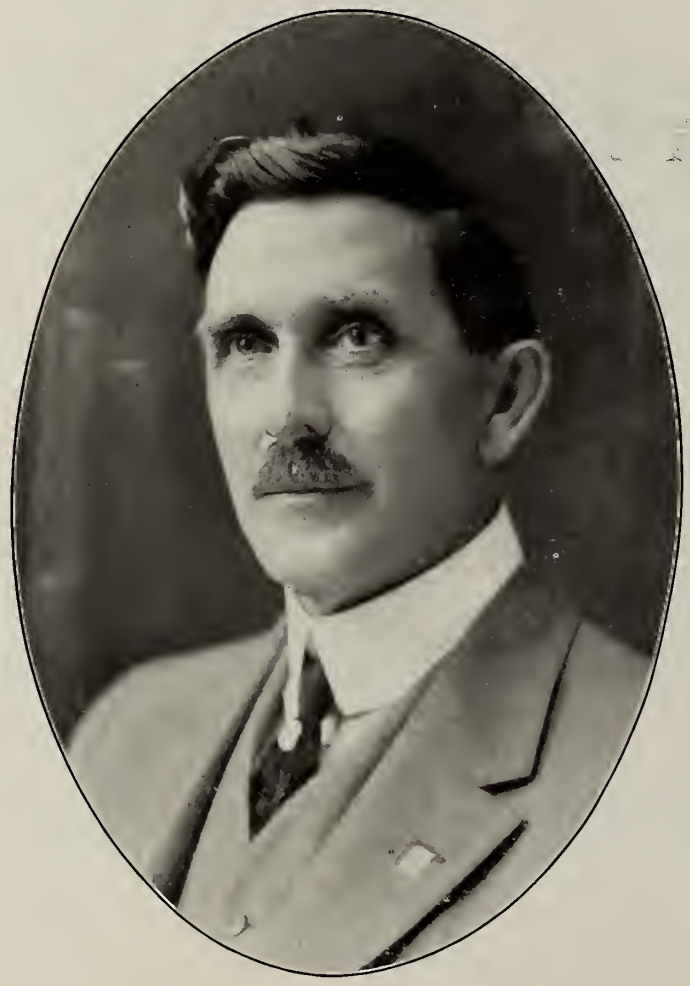
Forword

The purpose of this book is to recall to your minds what has transpired in the epochmaking year of 1919-1920. You undoubtedly have been present and perhaps even taken part in many of the occasions that are briefly discussed in the following pages. Perhaps they are still vivid in your minds, but a few years will make them but a bit of past memory. So we have endeavored to carefully record those happy events in this book that mere time cannot relegate them to utter oblivion. And if this book becomes a source of joy and happiness when other cares are heavily burdening you, our mission is fulfilled.

1411827

D·E·D·I·C·A·T·I·O·N

TO our parents, who have made it possible for us to spend four profitable years of our lives in that institution in which we were constantly rehearsing for the great drama; to the faculty which spent many weary, many joyful hours in preparing us for the greatest play of all and to the hope that the members of the Nineteen-Twenty Class will play an important and honorable part in the acts that are to follow, this, the Caldron Annual of the Class of Nineteen-Twenty is - - - cheerfully dedicated. - - -

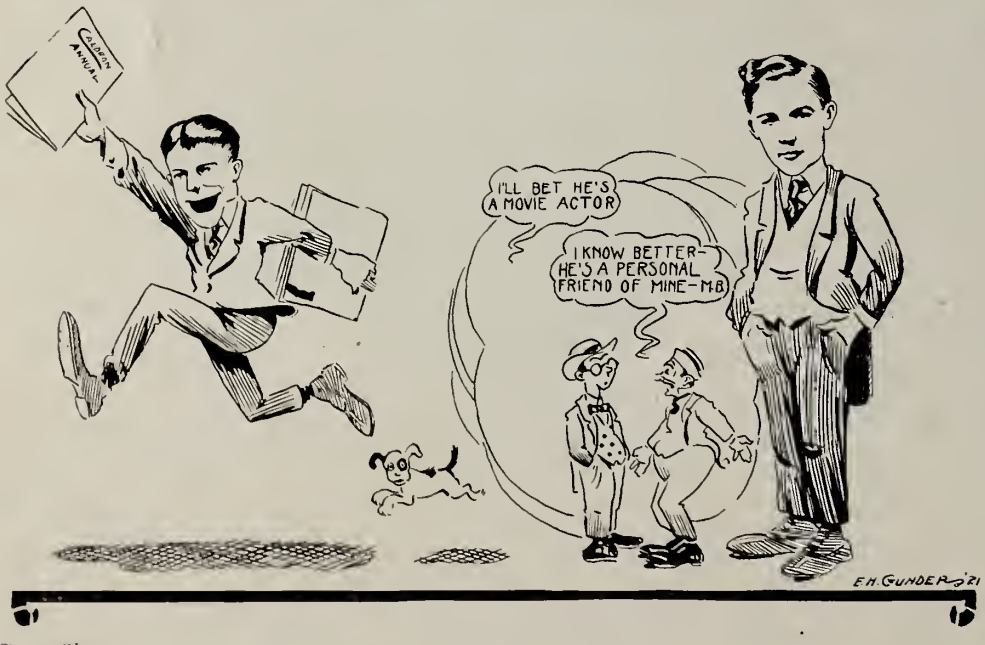


R. W. HIMELICK
Superintendent of the Public Schools of Fort Wayne, Ind.

LOUIS C. WARD

Principal of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School

The CALDRON ANNUAL



The CALDRON ANNUAL

The Caldron Annual Staff

Walter Helmke - - - - - - - - - - - - Editor
Edwin Thomas - - - - - - - - - - Business Manager

LITERARY

Dorothy Simpson — Arletta Schmuck — Ellen Hudson

ATHLETICS

Raymond Dale Kigar — Helen Wooding

ILLUSTRATORS

Ralph Sunday — Helen Scott — E. H. Gunder

SOCIETY

Isabelle Freeman — Margaret Ann Keegan

JOKES

Donald Beck — Malcolm Crighton

SENIOR CLASS COMMITTEE

Martha Irmscher — Kathryn Lose — Mary Eunice Eaton

JUNIOR CLASS COMMITTEE

John Crane — Mildred Fruechte — Robert Koerber

SOPHOMORE CLASS COMMITTEE

Hertha Stein — Emil Deister — Sophia Irmscher
Robert Baral - - - - - - - - Freshman Class Reporter

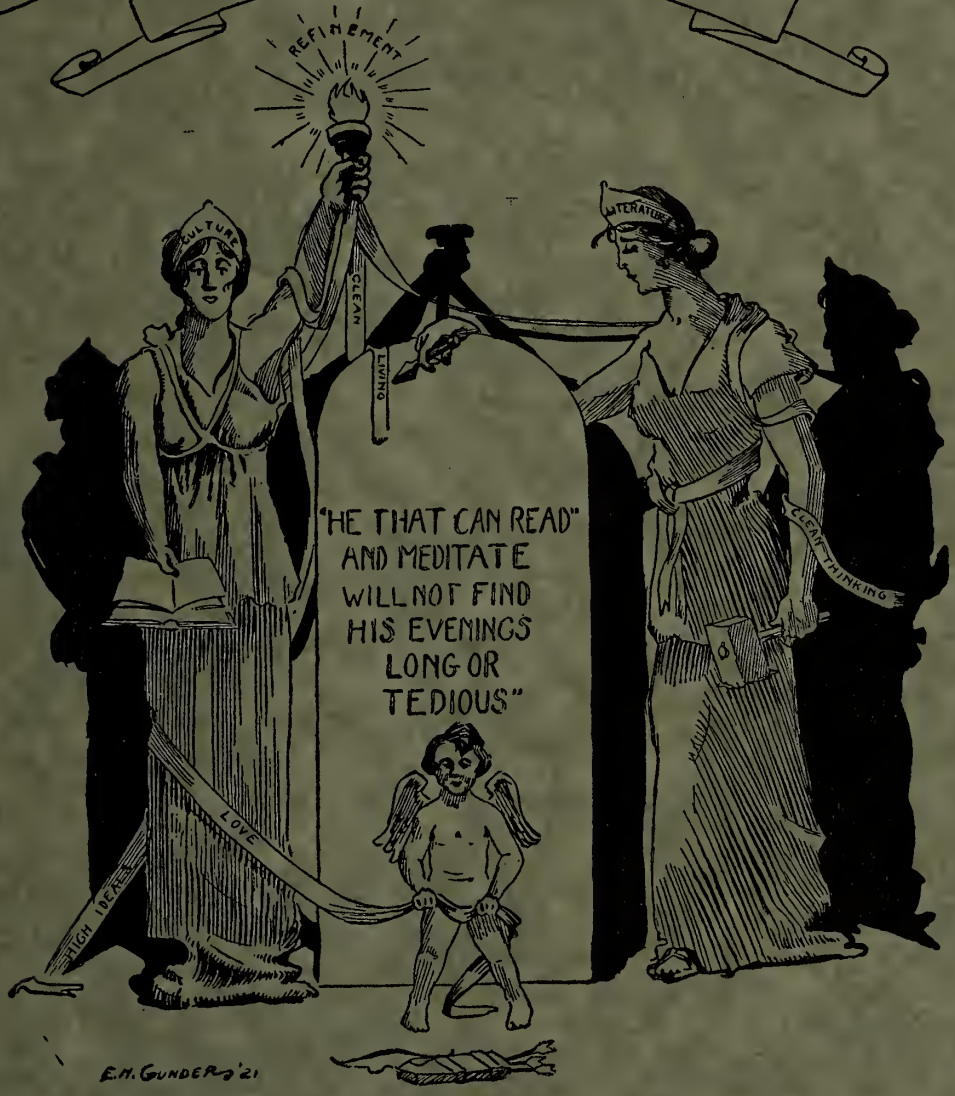
STAFF STENOGRAPHERS

Bertha Welch — Marjorie King
James Erwin - - - - - - - - - "Looking Backward"
Manuel King - - - - - - - - - Circulation Manager

GENERAL STAFF REPORTERS

Evelyn Ross — Alice McKeehan — Lillian Polhamus

Literary


REFINEMENT
CULTURE
CLEAN
LIVING
LITERATURE
CLEAR THINKING
"HE THAT CAN READ"
AND MEDITATE
WILL NOT FIND
HIS EVENINGS
LONG OR
TEDIOUS"
LOVE
HIGH IDEALS
E.M. GUNDERS '21

THERE is a heaven of refuge for all to whom the business of this great world is at times tiresome and lacking in zest. There is a place of rest, an alcove, so to speak, where far above the grimy, toiling world, one can contemplate leisurely his fellows besotted with sin and lust for gain, and tho he have their faults and desires, also, be at peace for a time. At this haven one hears only as far-off echo the voices of the hagglers on the exchange, of the strident anvils, of the din of war, of the sorrows of women and little children. Here may pleasing phantoms of the mind be built and all the elusive delights of life be engendered in a chair before the fire. Here may one confer with the princes and commoners of the Bard-of-Avon, with the wit of Voltaire, or with the immortality of Goethe. Thus the grosser things are sunk into oblivion and thru a dim haze the deeds and the words of men of old can be viewed. And the haven is *Literature*.

THE CLASS OF 1920

Once more the hearts of many students are gladdened by an occasion that marks a distinct period in their lives. Graduation from High School is a milestone in the life of every person who has been so fortunate as to acquire the complete education offered by such an institution. Regardless of whether the student goes to college or begins to work, graduation marks the end of one period and the beginning of another for the student who intends to make his life worth while.

The close of the High School course completes practically twelve years of education for us. It brings us into that stage of life which mature men tell us is the prime of youth. It leaves us with a diploma in hand and a mind trained by select instructors. It leaves us, as many of us wish to interpret it, prepared for the accomplishment of that which generations have left undone. In short graduation leaves us with two very important questions: How will the school prosper without our aid? and now that our actual connections are severed, How did the world progress without our assistance?

But by comparing our class with preceding ones, would we find that the two foregoing questions are pure conceit on our part? Fortunately not. For that seems to be the very thing that urges on the undergraduates to excel in their work and to surpass the preceding classes in accomplishment. And for the graduates to tackle life's work with the determination to surpass those who have already graduated from the hard school of experience.

Perhaps there is no more amusing thing for a mature person to hear than a brief prophecy by a satisfied High School student as to the part he intends to play in the great drama. Most of us are cautious not to do this verbally, but actions quite frequently speak louder than words.

But scrutinizing this particular characteristic of a High School student do we not find that it is one that bears fruits not only for the individual but also for the nation at large. For instance, if a student graduated from High School with the idea that to go on with one's life work would be useless and that nothing more can be accomplished in this world, what benefit would that young man or woman be to society. But if one hundred aim high and fifty accomplish that which makes the world greater and better, would that not be infinitely better than none to aim high and but one accidentally achieve great success?

Now it is generally the custom for each class to exalt its own deeds. Unquestionably the 1920 class is the finest that has ever graduated from High School. As to the size of the class it is the largest in the history of the school. But that is nothing distinctive, for the number, 133, will easily be passed next year, which is, of course, due to the rapid growth of our city. But there is one thing that the class of 1920 can take and ought take pride in. That is, that Volume I of the Fort Wayne High School Spotlight was published under the direction of the 1920 class.

In 1914 the fiftieth anniversary of the High School was celebrated, and in the Annual published that year hopes were expressed that the student body would

publish a weekly in the following year. That was the wish of the class of '14, and undoubtedly some of the succeeding classes have thought of it, but it remained for the '20's to make that wish a reality. It was accomplished through the untiring efforts of a few Seniors and the splendid co-operation of the entire student body. Now the class of '20 can express only one wish concerning the Spotlight, and that is that it be continued, by all means. That it was an asset to our school life everyone knows. And to return to the former monthly publication would be an act that would brand a class as lifeless and utterly devoid of school spirit. So upon the shoulders of the class of '21 rests the burden of giving this school a bigger, better and finer weekly newspaper. And so the class of '20 extends its wishes to you that your choice of officials may be faultless and that your support for these officials may extend from the day they are chosen to the day that their service expires.

Now one might go on and enumerate many things that have transpired in the past which were entirely due to the efforts of the 1920 class. But that would require a lengthy article. And after all, what value would that be. It would be like an individual constantly praising himself and one fine day awakening to the fact that those who were once on the same basis with him have risen far above him in worthy accomplishments. So let us not on the day of graduation boast about what we did during the last four years, but quietly set about to gain that goal which undoubtedly each one of us has set. For the world asks not what have you done, but what can you do!

THE FACULTY

Of course it is to be expected that in a school of twelve hundred students there would be a few kickers, but the majority of us are boosters, and for that reason we have had a very successful school year. However, the few that are chronic kickers quite often do very great harm. Practically every student who is continually knocking is not engaged in school activities, and does not know how much work it takes to make a school affair a success.

Now if one briefly reviews all the school activities in the past year, he can draw but one logical conclusion; namely, that there was much co-operation among the students. But we hear the voice of the habitual knocker, and he is crying out at the top of his voice, "How about the faculty?" It's not new, you've heard it many times. And what have you done? Did you join in and bemoan the fact that our faculty is dead, or did you fly to their defense?

Before we commit ourselves on this question, let us see what constitutes co-operation between the faculty and the student body. Of course we all know that the primary object of our parents in sending us to school is to receive educational instruction from the faculty. To settle that question we need only to turn to the grades that are recorded in the books in the office. Certainly the faculty has succeeded in giving us that for which we go to school.

Now to answer the question whether the faculty has co-operated with the students in all other school activities we must first answer a question that the majority of us disregard. Is it a duty and obligation of the faculty to support all social, athletic or any other kind of school activities? We don't believe that an affirmative answer to that question could be substantiated by any sound proof.

For it is purely a personal matter whether a teacher wants to support a particular student activity or not. And it would indeed be a sorry affair and undoubtedly a drawback for the teaching profession if it were required that all teachers must support all student activities.

But all of our teachers were once high school students themselves. And it ought not be difficult for them to realize that their support is appreciated. And that they have realized that fact was shown by their hearty support of practically every student activity during the last year. But the knocker remarks their sup port was not 100 per cent. Pray tell us, on what occasion was the support of the student body 100 per cent.

We are frequently quite hasty in our judgment concerning those who give us food for thought, who wish us well, and desire to see us succeed. In justifying this fault of ours we can do but one thing, turn to our faculty and say, "you were once high school students yourselves, forgive us for your own sake."

IN '16 WE MET; IN '20 WE PARTED

When we entered our school four years ago some of us were acquainted with one another, but none of us were acquainted with everyone in the class. Our number then was large, but since has heavily decreased. Those four years that we have spent in the high school are invaluable. If each graduate were to write a short sketch of his high school career—what things have influenced him, how set ideas and ideals have been shattered, how new ones have been built, how every word or action of others have embittered or encouraged him, how all the conditions have made him a youth decidedly different from the one he was when he entered high school—indeed, it would be an article highly interesting.

But they are secrets. However, we often hear some student exclaim that such-and-such a particular student has changed very much since he was a Freshman. And as to outward characteristics, if we have been the least observing, we could easily ascertain them. For the class room and the numerous school activities give ample opportunities for the student to show his mettle.

But our high school days are over; let us enjoy the friends and forget the enemies we have made. Our paths no doubt are varied. But let us enter those paths with joyous hearts and not harbor the thoughts that we are entering a world weary with toil and hardships. We have just spent four useful years of our lives and we can increase their value by the value of our future accomplishments.

Let us all part as friends and fondly cherish the numeral 20 as a token of happy days. Let us all hope that there is "a path of gold, and the need of men" for one another. And whatever our future may be, let us always remember that—

"There's mercy in every place,
And mercy encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot."

A Mistake

(Arletta Schmuck, '21)

Millicent Lee, on her knees before the window, looked out at the misty rain, and cried as if her heart would break. On the campus below groups of boys, caps down and coat collars up, ran from the study hall to the dormitories; girls came flocking from the recitation halls, across the campus to the dormitory where Millicent herself was. Even tho the door was closed, Millicent could hear every word that the girls in the next room were saying. These girls talked a great deal of foolishness, but two dollars less a week for rent was worth more than hearing this, Millicent reasoned, especially when her mother and little brother needed money at home.

It was Tuesday afternoon, and Millicent was having a half-day off, because Professor Ridgely had gone to the nearest town to act as a judge for a high school debate. The cause of her tears was that her Aunt Sarah Wade, who was comfortably rich, had promised to send her a dress. Aunt Sarah had always wanted to clothe and educate Millicent, but Millys mother had declared that no one but herself would do so, even if she were poor. So Milly's aunt only sent her cast-offs, but Sarah Wade's cast-offs were better than many people's best, and Millicent had allowed her eighteen-year-old imagination to dwell upon the kind of dress it would be. Silk, she hoped, or at least organdie—something thin enough for summer weather, something she could wear tonight to the little dinner-dance the girls of her sorority were giving for some of the frats. She had written to Aunt Sarah about the affair. Then, after all her prayers and hopes, she had come to her locker that noon to find that the bundle hurried through the parcel post contained a blue jersey dress, which was too heavy for anything but winter days!

A blue jersey dress! It was useless for her to remind herself that "beggars shouldn't be choosers." Aunt Sarah had meant well and the dress was beautiful in its way, scarcely soiled, only it was not the kind she had hoped for. Of course she wouldn't be able to go to the dinner-dance at all, because, altho it wasn't a formal affair, it was bound to be dressy—and poor Milly had only skirts and blouses and one dark brown serge.

Well, she must make the best of it—only Bob Blaine, the wholly handsome student, who had come from the same high school as she; Bob Blaine, whom she had known and secretly liked in the old carefree days at Milford High, would be there and she had been looking forward to one dance at least with him. And now some other girl would get her waltz—just as some other girl had always received her bids in high school days. It would be Dot Cranford, she supposed, who was only going to college for fun and had all the money and clothes she needed. Well, Dot was sweet and Bob liked her—but——

At that moment, the first real temptation of her life assailed her. In her bottom bureau drawer was a little roll of bills, which she had been saving for weeks to send home to the little mother who so wanted a new rug for her parlor. She could use that money for a dress! Mother could wait a little longer for a rug; she wouldn't be disappointed, because she didn't know of Millicent's surprise.

Millicent lifted her head, and going to the wash stand, bathed her face with cold water. Soon her youthful skin was aglow and her gray eyes sparkled with pleasure. There was just enough money

to buy the dress she had seen in Binham's window yesterday!

Yet as she removed the money from its box, her true self shamed the deed, for Millicent was thoughtful and conscientious. After all there was something sacred about the money; it was dedicated to a different use. Perhaps mother wanted the parlor rug quite as much as she wanted a dress to wear that evening. Disappointments are harder to bear at forty than at eighteen. No! She could not—dared not—use mother's money this way! She would stay home first.

The victory was won. Carefully, Millicent put the bills into a stout envelope and put on her hat. She would mail them this evening. How happy mother would be!

II

The next morning after classes, Dot Cranford paused while combing her hair, before the best glass in the Sorority House. "Why, didn't you come last night?" she demanded.

"Nothing to wear," Millicent replied. "Was it a success?"

"Immense. Everyone was there except you and Bob Blaine." Luckily Millicent's face was turned from Dot's at that moment, for she changed color quickly. "He had no recitations the rest of this week and went home to see his mother—he says the girl *he* marries must love *her* mother," she added, as she pinned the last curl into place.

Millicent smiled. "Thank goodness," she soloquized, "I didn't buy that dress at Binham's, but sent the money home to mother, dear little mother!"

III

The next Sunday evening Millicent went to the library. As she left, she came face to face with Bob Blaine, hastening in.

"Finished, Milly?" he asked. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Want to tell you that I saw your mother while I was home and, too, that she has her long-wanted—yes, dear, I know—and your mother said I might—you—that is—well—well, anyway, can't you go to the new play with me Tuesday evening—you know it's our "night-off."

"Of course I'll go," Milly added brightly. "Thanks—it surely will be a treat."

Her heart was as light as her feet as she ran up the dormitory steps, after bidding Bob—her Bob—good night. How the next days sped! Going somewhere with Bob! Milly wasn't worried about clothes now. If Bob Blaine thought enough of her to ask her to go to a school play with him, he wouldn't mind her clothes!

But that night, as she entered Clifford Hall, the first thing she saw was a large box, addressed to herself, lying on the table. Beside the box was a letter. She caught them up and ran upstairs, where she read the letter first. It was from Aunt Sarah Wade!

"I'm so provoked at my maid," she wrote. "I pointed out the new dresses I'd bought for you and she sent my old blue jersey. I'm so sorry, dear. And I hope this dress I'm hurrying on will be in time for your dinner-dance! You know, Millicent, this will never occur again, because I have at last gained your mother's consent to clothe and educate you."

The dress was an exquisite pearl georgette, embroidered in pastel shades. Moreover, there were hose, slippers, fan, and handkerchief to match.

By the time Millicent had danced around the room three times and announced her intention of wearing her new dress to the comic opera, when she went with Bob, one of her chums came rushing in, announcing, "Oh, Mil—another box!"

Another box! This was from—Bob! And it held—Killarney roses!

The CALDRON ANNUAL

Aboard the Tyronia

(By Ellen Hudson, '20)

It was the second day out from the coast of England aboard the Tyronia. The wind had been rising, and was now blowing a gale. Robert Deland stood on deck watching the heaving waves. Deland was an American, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, on his way home to New York from England. He was twenty-four, to be exact, and commonly designated as "that tall, handsome fellow with the light brown hair."

There were very few people on deck because of the strong wind and the spray from the big waves. Deland was half curiously watching two rough looking men standing at one end of the deck, reading and discussing some papers, when a young girl, dressed in a long fur-trimmed coat and close hat, came out on deck and stood by the rail, the wind blowing her black hair about her face.

Suddenly the wind snatched the papers from the hands of the men at the end of the deck and scattered them across the deck and water. One blew against Deland's arm, and taking it curiously, he walked around the corner of the deck to inspect it. As he turned, he noticed that the girl looked at him quickly and intently. He unfolded the paper in his hand and read it.

"Hm," he exclaimed. "That's what I thought!"

The paper was a memorandum of some jewels, their value and so forth. Of course, part of it was written in code so that it was illegible, but it proved that the men were crooked and would bear watching.

He came back around the deck and saw the shorter of the two men talking to the girl. As he approached, the man backed away and disappeared with his partner into the cabin.

Deland looked at the girl. She was certainly beautiful. Was she mixed up in this? She turned and went inside, and soon he followed, for it was beginning to get dark. He passed by the captain and stopped to ask him who this girl was. The captain said that he knew nothing about her except that she had registered as Barbara Taliferro.

That night as Deland was coming from dinner down the passageway, Barbara came out of her room and turned to shut the door. She heard him coming and swung around with her back against the door. For a moment he paused beside her; she looked up at him, her eyes slightly narrowed, then quietly passed by him.

He walked on slowly, and lit a cigarette.

* * *

The next day was calmer, and the sun shone brightly on the sparkling waves. Robert Deland was sitting in a steamer chair reading a book, when suddenly a small spot of light flashed on the page before him. He looked up quickly, just in time to see Barbara Taliferro slipping some brilliant rubies into a packet. She was standing a few yards from him, and there was no one else in sight. She dropped the packet into her handbag and moved on down the deck, apparently unconscious of him.

Deland snapped his book shut and gazed out across the sea. So, she certainly was mixed up in it, with a vengeance. She had the jewels! Her

actions had indeed been suspicious—but her looks—such honest, appealing eyes. But then, that was probably her safeguard, for it was hard to suspect such beauty of crime. Well, it was up to him to catch her while she had the jewels.

So he immediately set out to find her. She was not on deck, but as he turned into the passageway, he saw her standing near her room, evidently quarreling with one of the ruffs. The man took hold of her arm roughly. She quickly twisted loose and gave him such a thrust with her other hand that he fell against the door. He straightened and grabbed her again and was forcing her back when Deland hurried forward, and coming up behind the man, he swung him around and gave him a heavy blow on the shoulder which sent him flying back down the hallway. In an instant he had disappeared down the steps. Deland then determined to catch the girl, and he seized her firmly by the shoulders. She gazed up coolly at him. In her struggle with the crook her coat had come open, and when Deland took hold of her, it slipped back, and he beheld a small badge of the United States Secret Service.

* * *

He started slightly, then his hands slipped down her arms until they fell at his sides, and he bowed humbly before her.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

Her head was high, but now her lips parted in a mischievous smile.

"Oh, that's all right," she said, "I knew you thought that I was a crook. And my actions must have been suspicious, but, you see, I was after the crooks."

"You are very brave to attempt such a thing all alone, Miss Taliferro," he said, smiling.

"Oh, no," she replied. "You see I really had a very small part to play. I was just to find out whether these men were really guilty or not, and then cable to the Secret Service office to arrest them when we landed. But, I had such a good chance, that I found and took the jewels. That's what that fellow was after. Thought he could force them from me."

"But," she added, "I want to thank you for helping me, even though you thought I was a crook."

Then suddenly remembering himself, Deland said, "Come let's go into the salon and you can tell me all you know, and maybe I can help. Two heads are better than one."

So they went inside and sat down in one corner of the large room. There were some other people in the other end of the room, so they two spoke in low tones.

"I don't know why I trust you so fully," she began, "but I asked the captain who you were and he told me your name, and said that you were a fine chap."

"Why," said Deland, smiling to himself that she had asked about him, as he had of her. "Come to think of it, that's the way I learned your name, Miss Taliferro."

"Oh. Call me Barbara. Everybody does." And then she began and told him how, when she was in London, she had received this badge from a friend in the Secret Service, and a letter asking her to discover whether these certain men who would be on her boat coming home, were guilty or not, and how, after she had found this out, she went ahead and got possession of the stolen jewels. Hereupon, she drew the packet from her bag and gave them into Leland's keeping. He was surprised at her absolute trust in him, but he put the jewels into his pocket.

* * *

Two days later the two had decided that they would put the men under guard the last day, so that there could be no

(Continued on Page 182)

"Oh, Mary!"

(Helen Wooding, '21)

In a small college town the students who are residents of the town have a better chance politically and socially in the school life than those who are strangers. Mary Brandon, a very popular, pretty sophomore, had been a success so far and seemed destined to keep her position as leader of her class society during the rest of her college career. And yet Mary was not the kind of a girl to overlook an intentional insult. She was the leader of the Phi Delta Sorority, one of the most prominent on the campus; and the Phi Delts had received (what was to Mary's mind) the most heartless treatment the previous year.

On a certain day the first week of school Mary was having a talk with her sorority protegee, Edith Holman, reciting the history of the sorority and college for a few years previous.

"The Zeta Kappa Fraternity promised us at election time last year that if we would support their man, Bert Morton, for president, they would elect Agnes Weaver vice-president," Mary explained in a rather emphatically severe tone of voice. "Well, do you know what they did? They promised every sorority in this college (by secret agreement, of course) that they would support one of their members for vice-president. They're the leader of the fraternities, you know, and they gave the secretary and treasurer positions to the next strongest fraternities to secure their support."

"But, Mary, what have you to complain about," interrupted Edith. "You're the vice-president and you're the leader of our sorority now."

"Yes, but——" answered Mary in a disgusted tone of voice, "but it's the principle of the thing. I'm not a house member, and you should know that it was just by accident that I was elected at all. If the Zets had kept their promise, Agnes would have been vice-president, and I know that it was that Bert Morton that originated the plan. I'll never, never, under any circumstances, speak to him again."

"Oh, Mary," said Edith in awe, "He's the best looking man I've seen since I've been here and I've heard his dad has piles of money."

"Oh, Mary," exclaimed Arthur Morton, Mary's neighbor and chum, in mock concern as he came on to the porch. "How pleasant everyone looks today."

"Don't 'Oh, Mary' me," replied Mary in a high rage.

"Well! What's the consuming passion about?" asked Morton, turning to Edith.

"She's just been telling me about all the wrongs done to the "Delts" by the "Zets" last year. She has just told me that she would never speak to Bert Morton again," explained Edith.

"So that's it, is it? Don't say too much in my presence, since I happen to be a "Zet" myself.

"Yes, but you're not one of the low, scheming creatures that Bert Morton is, and you know it," retorted Mary.

"But don't make the mistake of blaming 'Mort' too much. He may have played a big part in the plan, but he wasn't the whole cheese. He's good looking and the rest of the Zets know it, so they put the blame onto him, thinking the girls would forgive him because of his looks and personality. At least, you ought to forgive him partly, because he is my cousin."

"He didn't have to do it if he didn't want to; and I'm one of the girls that

will *not* be a butter ball when I get a glance from his beautiful brown eyes. But I must admit, that if he's a cousin of yours, he isn't all bad, since you are so perfect," stated sarcastic Mary, in a very heated manner.

* * *

That evening as Arthur visited the "Frat" house, he drew his cousin into a quiet room to have a little talk.

"There's one girl that you will have to apologize to, Mort," began Arthur.

"Who's that?" demanded 'Mort,' somewhat astonished.

"It's Mary Brandon," with conviction in his tone.

"Oh, Mary," replied Mort with something like contempt.

"You'd better take it seriously, for she's the leader of the 'Delts' now," said Arthur, and then went on to explain how the matter stood.

"So that's the way the land lays," exclaimed Mort as Arthur finished. "It seems to me that if I apologized now she would realize that it was because I was prompted by you, and that would put you in wrong too. A better plan it seems to me would be that since the other sororities seemed to have recovered from the shock since we began attending social functions with their leaders, you instill some trust in Mary in our 'frat' and then have us work for her as 'vice' in earnest this year. I think by the time we have gone the rounds of the sorority leaders again they will be willing to vote for us without any return promise," finished Mort optimistically.

"Well, that might work, but you don't know Mary as I do," began Art rather weakly.

"I may not know Mary as well as you do, but I know girls. I bet your dance expenses this term to a penny that I will not only have Mary speaking to me, but she will at least go to one function with me before the 'soph' election," said Mort with confidence.

"Taken! This is a soft snap for me! And you only have a month! You're foolishness personified," exclaimed Mort, both disgusted and elated. "Listen, fellows, as I tell you of our chief harlequin."

* * *

Bert Morton was an "out-of-town" man and was immediately introduced into college life by his older cousin, Arthur. He was eager for political honor and when it came time to "place the blame for the action taken by the "Zets" the preceding year, he assumed it. By doing this he became temporary leader and was skillful enough to keep the leadership and not let it slip into other ever-ready hands. He hadn't worried about his popularity, for it didn't seem to hurt at all, but it rather rankled him to hear that the best looking girl on the campus was using her influence against him.

Mort didn't waste any time starting on his bet. The next day, when he saw Mary coming out of the library, he started towards her, even though his next class was in a building in the opposite direction. As he came nearer, Mary saw him and also saw that in front of him was the professor that taught her zoology class. As she came even with her professor, she stopped him and after turning her back to Morton, asked about some work she had missed. This annoyed the professor some, but Mort still more. Not wanting to let her see he had come this way just to meet her, he walked on to the library. He just walked in the door of the library and out again, but she was well over on the other side of the campus by that time.

This, of course, seemed discouraging, but that evening when Arthur asked him how he was progressing, he jokingly replied that he had nearly met her. He did not chase her any more, but about a week later when he met her on the street and tipped his hat, she just "looked through him," as he afterwards gracefully expressed it.

(Continued on Page 184)

Never Again!

(Marion Murray, '20)

"I'm going to cut vespers, Peggy Ellen, and go for a walk. I'm so tired of this dormitory that if I stay here much longer, I shall shriek. Come with me, won't you?" Jean Duncan asked, pausing in the doorway of "Cauld Blast," Margaret Ellen's room. Four years before a Sophomore had laughingly christened it, when the heating plant refused to work, and now the name was permanent.

Margaret Ellen looked up eagerly. "Hello, Jean. Goodness! this has been a tiresome Sunday afternoon. Of course I'll go with you. Does that make two or three chapel cuts for you this month?"

"Four," Jean answered laconically. "I've gotten to the point where I'm callously indifferent to over cutting. You think I'm absolutely hopeless, don't you? However—Peggy, do hurry! Here comes Miss Martin looking for belated chapel goers, and she'll surely see us. There's only one way to escape her."

Quickly Jean opened the window, and both girls stepped hurriedly out on the fire escape, where they crouched down, out of sight, until the teacher had departed, the dormitory was empty, and all the girls had sauntered across the campus toward chapel. Then they cautiously climbed down and ran breathlessly across the campus into a little half-mile stretch of beechwoods which separated Kensington Hall from some other recently acquired property. Both Jean and Peggy Ellen felt delightfully free, just as if, Jean said, they were escaped prisoners. The fact that they were doing something forbidden made it twice as exciting as it otherwise would have been. The afternoon promised keen enjoyment to them both.

An hour later they tramped back in the dusk, going a round about way in order to see the progress made on the new dormitory. The school was building an additional hall on the hill just beyond the beechwoods. The girls found it merely well begun, simply large awkward framework that looked a bit top-heavy. There were several ladders standing near it, and the sight of them gave Peggy Ellen what she considered an inspiration.

"Let's climb up just one story, Jeanie, and see whether we can see the school from there. Those woods hide the Hall, but we should be able to see part of the campus, because the dormitory's on a hill. There's a ladder—it won't be very heavy to drag over against this beam, or whatever it is. Please do."

Jean looked doubtful. "I'm not a very good climber," she said hesitatingly. "But I don't care," she added, after a moment, "Help me push this ladder against that beam—no, the other one. How much time have we, anyway? I think it's getting late."

Margaret Ellen consulted her watch. "It's only a quarter of five," she said reassuringly. "That gives us plenty of time. Now help me—*Heavens!* Don't let it slip!"

With both hands clutching the ladder in a vise-like grasp, and with her eyes glued to a beam above her, Margaret Ellen bravely started to climb. Twice she almost slipped, but finally reached the second story in safety. Once there, all her fear and timidity left her and she called down encouragingly to Jean, who followed slowly, inwardly regretting that she had ever attempted climbing. When she reached her chum, however, both girls were delighted with the feeling of what Peggy Ellen called "up-in-

the-air-ness" and wanted to climb up farther.

The next time it was easier, perhaps because neither Jean nor Peggy Ellen was afraid. Besides, the second ladder seemed steadier and more substantial. Even from the third story, though, the woods somewhat obstructed the view of the Hall and both the girls enthusiastically decided to climb to the top, five stories above ground.

It was not until Jean was poised on the ladder between the fourth and fifth stories that she glanced down—and then resolutely made herself look up at her chum, who was already at the top. That one glance had almost cost Jean her nerve. Being on a ladder with only rough boards between her and the ground made her feel dizzy and miserable. Jean decided that she wouldn't stay up there long. It was too dangerous.

Yet, when she reached the top in safety, the view almost compensated her for the horror of climbing. Kensington Hall had been a fine old school for many years, but never, the girls thought, had it looked as attractive as it did in this April sunset. Both had forgotten that they had run away from the stupidness and monotony of its routine.

"Just think," mourned Jean, "of all the times we have passed this building and never have climbed up here. Tomorrow let's ask Katharine and Barbara and Virginia to climb with us. We can go right after Vergil and—Peggy, be careful!" For Peggy Ellen in her enthusiasm, had swung her feet ecstatically and the ladder, perched in a most insecure way against the beam, swayed perilously. Neither girl made a move to save it. Fascinated, they watched it as, creaking and groaning, it fell down, down, down, until it struck the beams on the fourth story.

Jean gave an involuntary gasp of dismay. There they were, sitting on a beam, five stories above ground, at dusk. As it was Sunday afternoon, of course there were no workmen around, and the girls were too far away from Kensington Hall to make themselves heard, no matter how loudly they might call. They would have to stay up there until Peter, the Hall furnace man, came to the school early in the morning. Fortunately, he passed the new dormitory each day on his way to work.

The same thought had occurred to Peggy Ellen, but she dismissed it from her mind as perfectly impossible, and did not mention it to her chum. Nevertheless, both girls knew that it was the only thing to do.

"I'm mighty sorry I've got us both into trouble Jeanie," she said, shivering as she looked down toward the ground. "I seem to be always into something myself, but this is the first time I've ever involved anyone else. I——"

"Never mind, Peggy," Jean interrupted, philosophically. "We'll just have to make the best of it. But I must warn you, Miss Lindsey, that you'll get dizzy if you look down at the ground very much. We mustn't behave as that ladder did. Personally, I don't feel the need of committing suicide. Keep looking around you, for if anyone comes near here, we must call him to help us down. In the meantime, we must just brace up."

Peggy Ellen looked very small and miserable. "I'll try, Jean," she said, "but we're dreadfully high up, aren't we? How I wish we had stayed at the Hall this afternoon, and gone stupidly to vespers!

It began to grow darker; the girls could barely distinguish the outlines of Kensington, and Peggy, to conceal her nervousness, began to talk to Jean at random. Her plans for the coming Easter vacation, the next meeting of the Sigma Sigma Literary Society, the possibility of their getting a box from home, finally

(Continued on Page 182)

Recognizing the fact that life in a high school is analogous to life in a government and since a democratic form of government is the greatest joy to a true American, we, the members of the 1920 class, dedicate our future successes, if the fates at all smile upon us, to our principal, Louis C. Ward, one who has occupied the chair of authority with justice to all his highest ideal, one who has taught us to recognize authority not as a tyrannical power but as a guide and helping hand, one who has taught us the beneficial results of law and order, one who was always ready to hear our complaints, to help us decide our difficulties, one who was always our friend and, may we hope, always remain our friend.

Seniors

The Senior Directory

Class Officers

Edwin R. Thomas.....President
Martha M. Irmscher.....Vice-President
Walter E. Helmke.....Secretary-Treasurer

Class Colors—Maroon and White

Class Yell

Blickety! Blickety! Riz! Rah! Room!
Rickety! Rickety! White! Maroon!
Zickety! Zickety! Zis! Boom! Bah!
Nineteen Twenty! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Faculty Advisers

Mr. Fred Croninger Miss Nellie Baughman

Social Council

Kathryn Lose Philip Porterfield Lucile Franke

MARTHA IRMSCHER
FORT WAYNE '20
WALTER HELMKE
EDWIN THOMAS
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY-TREASURER
PRESIDENT
SENIOR CLASS OF 1920
MR. CRONINGER
FACULTY ADVISOR
PHILIP PORTERFIELD
MISS BAUGHMAN
FACULTY ADVISOR
SOCIAL COUNCIL
KATHRYN LOSE
LUCILE FRANKE

A Charge to the Senior Class

Once more we come to the end of a four year's association, fraught with pleasure and profit to all of us. The faculty congratulates members of the class upon the courage and stamina which have carried them through school at a time when the temptations to leaving school were never greater. We hope that their association with us will make their future lives stronger and better; and that as citizens of Fort Wayne they will maintain for this school the honorable traditions of its long history.

L. C. WARD.

Margaret Albersmeyer. **"Marg."**

Caldron Vaudeville (Junior Year).

"When she had passed it, seemed like the ceasing of some exquisite music."

Robert Eugene Altenberg. **"Bob."**

Came from Auburn High in Senior Year, Senior Class Basket Ball Team.

"To be good rather than conspicuous."

Bertha Anna Applegate.

Friendship Club.

"A quiet maid content to let life run its diurnal course."

Katherine Elizabeth Arnold.

"How ere it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

Alice Virginia Baker.

Friendship Club.

"Common sense is very uncommon."

Ruth Helen Baum.

Sorosis, Friendship Club, Mathematics Club.

"Her modesty is a candle to her merit."

Donald Bower Beck. **"Don."**

President Mathematics Club (Sept.-Feb.), Vice-President Platonians (Feb.-June), Sergeant-at-Arms Platonians (1918, Sept.-Feb.), Hi-Y Club, Dramatics Club, Caldron Annual Staff, Chairman Booster Committee of Athletic Association.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are.

Beatrice Irene Bentz. **"Bea."**

Class Party Committee, Secretary Sorosis (Junior Year), President Sorosis (Senior Year), Friendship Club.

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

Arthur Cornelius Berghoff. **"Suds."**

Social Council ('17), Mathematics Club, Varsity Basket Ball (fours years).

"His stature small, his soul was tall,
His heart was truly great."

Bertha Mary Black. **"Bert."**

"In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her."

Evelyn Louise Bleke.

"A maiden hath no tongue, but thought."

Willis Evard Brooks.

Math. Club.

"Who knows nothing base,
Fears nothing known."

John Walter Brouwer. **"Boots."**

Freshman, Sophomore and Junior ('19) Class Basket Ball Captain (Sophomore Year), Basket Ball Team, Varsity Track Team (Sophomore and Junior Year), Baseball (Junior Year), Mathematics Club.

"No sinner nor no saint perhaps,
But—well, the very best of chaps."

Hazel Marguerite Brucks **"Billie"**

Dramatics Club, Class Basket Ball Team, Mathematics Club.

"If all the joys of life should die,
She'd smile e'er she would heave a sigh."

Ruth Edna Bueker.

Friendship Club.

"Gentle in mood,
Resolute in action."

Ruth Mary Burroughs. **"Polly."**

Came from Portland, Oregon (Junior Year), Chairman Social Committee Friendship Club, Class Basket Ball Team (Junior Year).

"By my troth, a maiden fair."

Walter Linniel Chapman. **"Walt."**

"He braves the world and can
Defy its frowns and flatteries."

Bonita Ellen Christopher. **"Bonnie."**

Friendship Club, Chairman Poster Committee (Senior Year), Sorosis Pianist (Senior Year).

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Lucille Roberta Clapesattle.

Sorosis, Friendship Club, Dramatcis Club.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Miriam Loughry Clapham. **"Mim."**

Sorosis, Friendship Club, Math. Club, Dramatics Club.

"Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute."

Martha Augusta Victoria Clemens.

Class Basket Ball.

"A lovely maid that is content with
Nature's own sweet ornament."

Elizabeth Armena Cole. **"Betty."**

Friendship Club (Frehman Year).

"A sweet expression
Is the highest type of feminine
loveliness."

Wilma Elizabeth Cole.

Sorosis, Friendship Club.

"Her speech is graced with sweeter
sound
Than in another's song is found."

Elizabeth Covington. **"Yi."**

Friendship Club, Mathematics Club.

"A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air."

Stuart Hire Cox. **"Coxy."**

Varsity Football, Senior Basket Ball.

"A wise man reflects before he speaks."

Wayne Halburton Crawford.

"Thou mightst call him
A goodly person.

Malcolm Murray Crighton. **"Mally."**

Senior Play, Platonians, Hi-Y Club, Business Manager Spotlight (Oct.-March), Business Manager Annual (pro tem), Financial Manager Spotlight Vaudeville.

"And when a lady's in case
You know all other things give place."

Harold Robert Duesler. **"Duesler."**

"This hermit good, lives in that wood,
Which slopes down to the sea."

Mary Eunice Eaton.

Caldron Staff (Junior, Senior Year), Spotlight Staff, Board of Managers, Vice-President Sorosis, Executive Committee Sorosis, Social Council (Junior Year), Pin Committee (Junior, Senior Year), Announcement Committee (Senior Year), Mathematics Club, Senior Dance Committee, Dramatics Club.

"Everything is pretty that is young."

Russell Wayne Ehresman.

Hi-Y Club, Platonians, Mathematic Club, From Maumee Township High School.

"Fair science frowned not at his birth."

Florence Birdine Eme.

"How poor are they that have not patience."

James Henry Erwin. **"Jimmy."**

Hi-Y Club, Platonians, President (Senior Year, Sept.-Feb.), Mathematics Club, Senior Class Reporter, Caldron Staff (Senior Year).

"I do love to converse with the ladies."

Richard Irving Evans.

"The wildest manners
And the gentlest heart."

1411827

Abraham Fichman.

"In thy face I see
The map of truth and loyalty."

Thelma Kathleen Foster.

"A maiden never bold."

Lucile Marguarete Louise Franke.

Senior Play, Senior Play Committee, Social Council (Sophomore Year), Social Council (Senior Year), Sorosis.

"My dear, when you I spied,
I feared your hair was dyed."

Isabelle Allen Freeman. **"Sib."**

Caldron Annual Staff.

"There is a language in her eyes."

Irene Elizabeth Giles.

Society Editress Spotlight.

"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine."

Gracie May Gillette. **"Smiles."**

Friendship Club.

"For still I seem to love thee more
and more."

Anna Hazel Gillette. **"Jill."**

Friendship Club.

"My Mind to me an empire is."

Ruth Iona Glass.

Social Committees (Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Year), Caldron Vaudeville (Junior Year).

"Handsome, winsome, gamesome and then some."

Alexander Edward Goldberger "Alex"

Literary Editor Spotlight, Platonians Treasurer (Senior Year), Track Team (Junior Year), Varsity Football (Junior Year), Chairman Athletic Committee.

"He had a head to contrive,
A tongue to persuade,
And a head to execute any mischief."

Grace Dorothy Hamlet.

"As pure in thought as angels are
None knew her but to love her."

Mary Frances Harlan. **"Peggy."**

"A lady is serene."

Wilhelmina Louise Heine. **"Billy."**

Friendship Club, Entertainment Committee, Math. Club, Stenographer Spotlight.

"And wisely could she tell what
hour o' th' day
The clock does strike by Algebra."

Walter Edward Otto Helmke. **"Walt."**

Editor of the Caldron Annual, Honor Student, President of the Class (Junior Year), Secretary-Treasurer (Senior Year), Member of the Board of Managers, Stage Manager Senior Play, Member of the Debating Team (Junior and Senior Years), Representative of School at State Discussion Contest, President (one term), Vice-President (one term) and Chairman Executive Committee (one term) in the Platonians, Editor of Spotlight Questionnaire from October to February, Announcement Committee, Social Committee (Sophomore Year), Hi-Y Member, Mathematics Club.

"The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or though of vanity."

Max Alexander Himelstein.

"A man he seems
Of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident tomorrows."

Norman Fredrick Hindle. **"Cobb."**

Dramatics Club, Platonians, Hi-Y Club.

"The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent."

Melvin Herman Hindmarch.

"Bashfulness is the ornament of youth."

Velma Emily Holt.

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Ellen Charlton Hudson.

Valedictorian, Class Basket Ball Team (Freshman Year), Mathematics Club, Caldron Vaudeville (two years), Class Pin Committee, Literary Editor Caldron Annual.

"For when with beauty we can wisdom join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine."

Martha Meta Joan Irmscher.

Honor Student, Vice-President (Senior Year), Secretary-Treasurer (Junior Year, 1920 Class), Board of Managers, Society Editress Spotlight, Class Basket Ball (Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Years), Ring and Pin Committee (Junior and Senior Years), Senior Play Committee, Senior Play Cast, Announcement Committee, Caldron Staff (Junior Year), Class Reporter Annual, Vice-President Mathematics Club, Dance Committee, Treasurer Spotlight Vaudeville, Student Council (Junior Year).

"She is the darling of my heart."

Katherine Jackson. **"Kittie."**

Honor Student, President Friendship Club, Sorosis (Junior Year), Sergeant-at-Arms Sorosis (Sophomore and Senior Years).

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

Alma Elizabeth Johnson.

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."

Clarice Marie Johnston. **"Bob."**

Sorosis (Senior Year), From Union City, Ind.

"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."

Clara Bernice Johnston. **"Bee."**

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Hilda Marie Kammeier.

"A winsome lass who seeks to lure,
With glances coy, and ways demure."

Alice Elizabeth Kayser. **"Happy."**

Friendship Club, Math. Club.

"She even smiled and went her way,
A favorite with all."

Margaret Ann Keegan. **"Keeg."**

Caldron Staff (Senior Play), Sorosis (President, Treasurer, Executive Committee), Friendship Club, Tennis Tournament Committee.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Louis George Kibiger. **"Louie."**

Honor Student, Math. Club.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Louise Marie Kibiger. **"Sis."**

Salutatorian, Secretary Math. Club (Sept.-Feb.).

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

Raymond Dale Kigar. **"Toby."**

Spotlight Staff, Platonians, Class Basket Ball Team (two years), Captain Class Basket Ball (Senior Year), Class Baseball Team (three years), Caldron Staff, Chairman Athletics Association, Publicity Committee, Chairman Bowling Tournament Committee.

"Not too serious, not too gay;
But a rare good fellow."

Ruby Eva Kinerk. **"Ruebens."**

Friendship Club, Sorosis.

"The mildest manner with the bravest mind."

Manuel King. **"Manny."**

President Mathematics Club (Feb.-June), Sergeant-at-Arms Platonians, Circulation Manager 1920 Annual, Assistant Business Manager Senior Play, Circulation Manager Spotlight.

"Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

Marjorie King. **"Marj."**

Sorosis Executive Committee (Senior Year), Class Basket Ball Team (Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior Year), Spotlight Staff.

"As merry as the day is long."

Beatrice Flora Klaehn. **"B."**

Spanish Club.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

Vesta Fontana Knight.

Friendship Club, Dramatic Club.

"Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is sweet humility."

Richard Francis Knox. **"Dick."**

Senior Play, Platonians, Hi-Y Club.

"We grant, altho he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

Louise Marie Krauhs. **"Wiesse."**

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

Elmer Charles Krimmel. **"Elm."**

Hi-Y Club, Class Basket Ball Team (three years), Class Baseball Team (two years), bowling tournament.

"Who deserves well, needs not another's praise."

Samuel Charles Leschinsky. **"Sam."**

Platonians, Sergeant-at-Arms (one term), Chairman Executive Committee (one term), Publicity Committee F. W. H. S. A. A. (Senior Year), Caldron Staff (Junior Year), Spotlight Staff (Senior Year), Class Baseball (Sophomore and Junior Years).

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for a care and a fig for a woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe."

Shockley Lockridge.

Hi-Y Club, Platonians, Math. Club, Los Tertulianas.

"He was a scholar,
And a right and good one."

Grace Elizabeth Longsworth.

Friendship Club, Mathematics Club.

"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary.
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in January."

Kathryn Hannah Lose.

Sorosis (Chairman Executive Committee, Senior Year), Social Council (Senior Year), Caldron Staff (Freshman Year), Caldron Annual (Senior Year).

"Good humor is always success."

Geraldine Juanita Major.

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody."

Georgiana Emma Mariotte. **"George."**

"Faithfulness and sincerity, first of all."

Alice Edrea McKeehan. **"Teddy."**

Spotlight Staff (Co-Editor and Exchange), Caldron Staff, Dramatics Club, Friendship Club, Class Basket Ball Team, Mathematics Club.

"I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think it so because I think it so."

Helen Beatrice Mikesell.

Senior Play.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Algene Stevens Miles.

Senior Play.
"The play's the thing."

Le Nora Marguerite Miller. **"Nonie."**

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Dorothy Mitchell. **"D."**

Sorosis, Friendship Club.

"Bid me discourse,
I will enchant thine ear."

Martha Pauline More.

"The way to gain a friend is to be one."

Marion Reid Murray.

Honor Student, Sorosis, Friendship Club, Chairman Service Committee (Friendship Club, Junior Year), Author of School Song.

"Few hearts like hers with virtue warmed,
Few hearts with knowledge so informed."

Flossie Mae Olson. **"Fuzzie."**

Mathematics Club.

"Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Her modest looks some cottage might adorn."

Clive Marjorie Osborn.

"A cherry lip, a bonny eye,
A passing, pleasing tongue."

Evelyn Gertrude Pfeiffer. **"Fife."**

Math. Club, Spanish Club.

"A charming woman indeed."

Lillian Alberta Polhamus. **"Lil."**

"By my faith, my little body is aweary of this great school."

Robert Peace Pollak. **"Bob."**

Editor Spotlgiht, Board of Managers, Coldron Staff (Junior Year), Secretary Platonians (two terms), Debating Team, Cheer Leader, Class Baseball and Football (Junior Year), Hi-Y Club, Mathematics Club, Commencement Dance Committee, Chairman Tennis Tournament Committee, Senior Frolic Committee, Senior Chairman A. B. Campaign, Spotlight Vaudeville.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
This youth replies, 'I can.'"

Philip David Porterfield. **"Phil."**

Senior Play Committee, Senior Play, Social Council (Senior Year), Spotlight Vaudeville, Spotlight Staff.

"Bother me not with pensive worries,
Lest I tremble 'neath the strain."

Clura Viola Powell.

Friendship Club.

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Sarah Grace Randall. **"Sall."**

Social Council (Sophomore Year), Vice-President Freshmen Class.

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flounting, extravagant queen
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass."

Helen Katherine Rapp. **"Rapture."**

Honor Student, Class Party Committee (Sophomore, Junior, Senior Years), Sorosis, Math. Club, Dramatics Club.

"Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

Helen Rehorst.

"O how this spring of vivacity resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day."

Gladys Faye Revert. **"Peggy."**

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

Fred Arthur Rohrbaugh.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Lucy Evelyn Ross. **"Linn."**

Honor Student, Friendship Club, Vice-President (Junior Year), Sorosis, Mathematics Club.

"She has the face of an angel—but——"

Jane Alice Rowley.

Friendship Club, Sorosis.

"Arouse thyself from pensive mood;
Why sittest thou in quietude?"

Frances Marie Russell.

Friendship Club, Mathematics Club, Chairman of Program Committee (Spanish Club).

"Courteous though coy, and gentle
though retired."

Ralph Le Roy Schmidt. **"Smitty."**

Athletic Association, Baseball Team (Varsity, two years), Captain Class Baseball Team ('19), Bowling Tournament.

"He scorns all cares
That fate or fortune bring."

Conrad William Scott. **"Scottie."**

Senior Basket Ball Team.

"The deed I intend is great,
But what, as yet, I know not."

Helen Worth Scott. **"Penny."**

Caldron Annual Staff.

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."

Margaret Louise Simminger "Simmey"

Class Basket Ball Team (Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Years), Chairman Service Committee Friendship Club, Sorosis, Mathematics Club.

"Harmony with every grace,
Plays in fair proportion of her face."

Dorothy Simpson. **"Dot."**

Honor Student, President Friendship Club, Historian, Sergeant-at-Arms and Executive Committee Sorosis (one term each), Vice-President Mathematics Club (one term), Program Committee Math. Club (three terms), Literary Editor Spotlight, Literary Editor Caldron Annual, Dramatics Club, Senior Play Reporter and Prompter, Class Party Committee.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Winifred Ray Sink.

Mathematics Club, Sorosis, Friendship Club, Basket Ball Varsity.

"She is true to her work, her word and her friend."

Lisle Adair Smith. "Lizz."

"Each, after all, learns only what
he can;
Who grasps the moment as it flies,
He is the real man."

Harold Douglas Smith.

Varsity Baseball Team (Senior Year).

"There's something in the tone
Of a Saxaphone——"

Orieon Meeker Spaid. "Shovel."

Class Basket Ball, Platonians, Hi-Y Club, Business Manager Spotlight (March-June), Varsity Baseball Team.

"I'll warrant him heart-whole."

Leola Edith Hedwig Strieder. "Lee."

Class Basket Ball Team, Dramatic Club, Entertainment Committee.

"By my giggle ye shall now me——"

Amy Naka Takimori.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

Von Donald Taylor. **Vondie.**

Math. Club, Platonians, Editor Athletics—Spotlight, Class Basket Ball ('17, '18, '19, '20), Varsity Football (Senior Year), Hi-Y Club, Varsity Baseball ('19, '20), Tennis Tournament ('18).

"He abounds with pleasing faults."

Edwin Randall Thomas. **"Eddie."**

President Senior Class, Vice-President (Junior Year), Business Manager Caldron Annual, Editor Questionnaire (Feb.-June) Spotlight, Board of Managers, Business Manager Senior Play, President Platonians (two semesters), Vice-President (one semester), Varsity Track Team (Sophomore and Junior Years), Captain Varsity Football Team (Senior Year), Varsity Basket Ball (Senior Year), Class Track Team (Freshman, Sophomore, Junior Years), Class Football (Sophomore, Junior and Senior Years), Captain (Junior Year), Class Basket Ball (Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Years), Captain (Sophomore and Junior Years), Class Baseball (Sophomore Year), Ring and Pin Committee (Junior, Senior Year), Senior Play Committee, Invitation Committee, Math. Club, Hi-Y Club, Commencement Dance Committee, Tennis Tournament Committee.

"He proved the best man on the field."

De Lamere Titsworth.

"And she was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet and debonair,
Resolved the passive doctrine to fulfill."

Emma Julia Trier.

Friendship Club, Mathematics Club, Athletic Association.

"Of a noble, modest nature."

Ruth Izellah Tucker. **"Rufus."**

Sorosis, Mathematics Club, Friendship Club.

"A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."

Hugh William Van De Grift **"Vandy"**

Spotlight Staff.

"Who does not love wine, woman and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

Bud Harold Vardaman.

Mathematics Club, Platonians.

"A noble youth of blood and bone."

Lucile Sylvia Wager. **"Susie."**

Mathematics Club.

"I prefer silent prudence
To loquacious folly."

Chester Whitney Walter **"Chet."**

Platonian, Mathematics Club, Originator of name "Spotlight" for School Paper.

"Quiet and self-contained, but earnest and sincere."

Faith Athalyn Wagner.

Friendship Club, Sorosis, Mathematics Club.

"Pure hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Helen Waterfield. **"Hunkie."**

Varsity Basket Ball Team, Class Basket Ball (three years).

"Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat."

Bertha May Welch.

"To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires;
Hoping by patience to win my desires."

Olga Bessie Welch. **"Happy."**

Sorosis (Sophomore and Junior Years), Mathematics Club.

"In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

Frederic John Wenzler.

Basket Ball Team, Platonians, Membership Committee (Sept.-Feb), Executive Committee (Feb.-June).

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much."

Bertram Welbaum.

Dramatics Club.

"A good, sensible fellow."

Henderson Ralph Whitaker. **"Hen."**

Platonians, Class Baseball and Basket Ball, Mathematics Club, Hi-Y, Boosters' Committee, Bowling and Tennis Tournament, Publicity Committee Athletic Association.

"Pretty, but not old enough to go with girls."

William Thompson White. **"Bill."**

Senior Play.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

Courtland Norton Wilder. **"Court."**

Manager Junior Basket Ball, Baseball (Senior Year), Varsity Basket Ball (Junior Year), Captain (Senior Year), Vice-President of Athletic Association (Sept.-June).

"Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind."

Margaret Clara Woebbeking **"Webby"**

"I have a pleasing look, a cheerful eye."

Virginia Branham Wood. **"Gina."**

Sorosis.

"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty."

Nancy Fay Woodhull.

Friendship Club.

"I am modesty personified."

Mary Vandora Young.

"Happy I am; from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like me."

Esther Alice Zahrt.

Sorosis, Friendship Club.

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."

Edward Gerke Scheuman. **"Stoop."**

Varsity Basket Ball (Senior Year), Varsity Football (Senior Year), Varsity Track (Junior Year), Varsity Baseball (Junior Year).

"Better late, than never."

To Miss Harrah

Joyful days are generally the lot of a high school student, but weary ones are not uncommon. The difficult tasks of managing Senior class and school activities often involve complicated problems. And many a time the officials have woeful tales to relate. And what a joy it is to tell a doleful story and have the hearer sympathize and give encouragement. Fortunately our school is blessed with such a person, and that person is none other than Miss Harrah, to whom the officials of the Senior class are deeply indebted for helpful suggestions and the keen interest she has shown in our class.

The Past

(Kathryn Lose)

In September, 1916, we, as Freshmen, cautiously opened the doors of the Fort Wayne High School, and timidly walked down the hall, looking for that awful Room I of which we had heard so many stories. After having established ourselves in those well decorated desks, we, trembling, waited to hear what Miss Wingert had to say. She told us what we were supposed to do, and how we were supposed to act now that we belonged to the illustrious Fort Wayne High School. Thus began our Freshmen year.

Soon after the beginning of the fall semester we, with the kindly help of the Juniors, elected Howard Bash, president; Sal Randall, vice-president; Walker McCurdy, secretary and treasurer, and Kathryn Rauch, William Carnahan and Arthur Berghoff as members of the social council. Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees consented to guide us through our troubles. Maroon and white were chosen as the class colors.

There was a lull in the activities of the class until December 8, 1916. But then we surely made up for it. A very successful party was given, and immediately the other classes realized that there was a "20" class.

Again, on May 29, 1917, we made a name for ourselves. This party was the crowning victory of our Freshmen year. Everybody was there even up to the *dignified* members of the '17 class. (They forgot their dignity that night.)

The next year we, as Sophomores, felt very superior over the Freshmen. *We* were old enough to carry on our affairs. At an early meeting we elected Howard Bash, president; Walker McCurdy, vice-president; William Carnahan, secretary and treasurer; Walter Helmke, Lucile Franke and Art Berghoff as members of the social council. Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees again consented to act as our advisors.

On account of the coal famine and the closing of the school, nothing was done until the spring of '18, when we gave one of the most enjoyable parties ever held.

That year will never be forgotten because we unselfishly gave up our beautiful Saturday mornings to come to school to hear the words of wisdom from the lips of our dear pedagogues. The School Board was determined that we should not be deprived of the privilege of coming to school.

For our Junior year Walter Helmke was elected president; Ed Thomas, vice-president; Martha Irmscher, secretary and treasurer, and Kathryn Rauch, Mary Eunice Eaton and Walter McCurdy as members of the social council. This year was a very successful year. (How could it be otherwise with such officers?)

Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees again aided our ambitious and peppy social council in planning a party. The "flu" interfered, and nothing could be done until March 12, 1919. On that date the "Great Junior Promenade" was given. It was held at Trier's and was a great success. This ended the social affairs of our Junior year and we were ready to begin anew as Seniors the goal for which we had strived so long.

We elected Ed Thomas, president; Martha Irmscher, vice-president; Walter Helmke, secretary and treasurer, and for the social council Lucile Franke, Philip Porterfield and Kathryn Lose. Miss Baughman and Mr. Croninger were asked to act as our advisors.

The first social event came off on December 13 in the form of a county

fair, which was very amusing and which everybody enjoyed.

This year has been different from most years on account of the plan of supervised study. All Seniors go to school in the mornings only and are allowed to spend their afternoons in any way they please. We are all glad that the superintendent was experimenting with this plan while *we* were still in attendance, as it was very helpful to have our afternoons at our leisure.

Another way in which our class has shown its originality, is by establishing the weekly Spotlight, instead of the monthly Caldron. It was a great undertaking but has proved successful, thanks to the board of managers and Mr. Null and Mr. Ward.

The Senior play "Green Stockings" was the crowning glory of our illustrious career in the school that none of us will ever forget. It was characteristic of the 1920 class, for it was a huge success, which was due to the untiring efforts of the coach and the students who took part in the play. Our president, Edwin Thomas, directed the business end of the show, which accounts for the record breaking audience and the financial success.

Now as we look back and praise ourselves for the wonderful things we did, a peculiar feeling creeps over us and the thought flushes through our minds—Now what? We have our diplomas and bid our school farewell. Let us all hope that within our ranks are famous men and women in embryo and that the name of Fort Wayne High School will everlastingly be cherished by every one who now takes to himself the title—Alumnus of the Fort Wayne High School.

Result of Supervised Study

(Prof. L. C. Ward, Principal)

Last year in the Caldron Annual we spoke of an attempt at supervised study as a solution of some of the ills attending the operation of an overcrowded school. We have tried the plan fairly and thoroughly this year, and are dissatisfied with many of its features. First of all, there has been a decided decline in the quality of the work done by good students. That fact has been offset slightly by a somewhat smaller number of failures. There can be no doubt that too many pupils have attempted to make all their preparation in thirty-five minutes, which is, of course, wholly insufficient time. It is clear, too, that in most subjects thirty minutes of recitation is not enough time to develop thoroughly the day's assignment; and the year's work cannot be done with shorter assignments. It has also become perfectly evident that High School pupils will not go to school until four o'clock without an unpleasant compulsion. Too many children must work while attending school; and most such work begins at three o'clock. To continue the present plan, with the great increase of enrollment likely for September, would mean the employment of seven or eight more teachers; and in this building there is no working space for so many additional instructors. So we go back to the old plan, quite certain that we shall lose nothing for our ten per cent of superior pupils nor for our ten per cent of chronic failures, and that we shall gain somewhat for the eighty per cent comprising the great bulk of the school population.

The Caldron Annual

The Future

Four score and twenty days had passed since my arrival in New Orleans. For some reason, my evangelical revival campaigns had been a flat failure and I was going to take a position with the Helmke Dry Cleaning Establishment, now a world-famed corporation. One of my fellow cleaners, Bur Vardaman, by name, was growing tired of such "dry" work and consequently he had motored to Detroit in a twelve-cylinder Spaid to sweep the ferry path between Detroit and Windsor. Upon arriving at Angola, the firm's headquarters and also the place made famous by Helen Scott's Stock Company, manufacturers of green stockings, I was informed that I was to leave at once for Fort Wayne. The roads between the two cities had been literally ruined by the devastating work of the Hindmarch-Hindle Circus which was traveling to China to spend one entire year presenting its star bills under the auspices of the Chinese missionary guided by the faithful "Saint from Fort Wayne"—Sam Leschinsky. Because of this, I was forced to take a very roundabout route to get to Fort Wayne. It would fill this book and 13 1/3 pages of another if I were to give a complete account of my little journey, so I am just going to give a brief outline of the places of interest and acquaintances as collected in my diary. Upon leaving Angola my first stop was——

Indianapolis—Bertha Applegate is running for prosecuting attorney and Winifred Sink is the only competitor. Art Berghoff defeated Fred Rohrbaugh, flyweight champion, in a thirteen-round skirmish last night.

Dallas, Texas—Marion Murray is writing for the Dallas Oiler, edited by Georgianna Mariotte. Miriam Clapham is society editress, and Manuel King, sporting editor.

Reno—Mme. A. E. McKeehan, the world-famous prima donna, is appearing at the Altenburg Theatre in "Quick, Theodoric, the Milk Bottle!" a clever playlet written by America's own—James Henry Erwin. Among the cast are Alice Rowley, Florence Eme, the Welch girls and Court Wilder, leading man.

Atlantic City—Ruth Helen Baum is night clerk at the magnificent Beck Hotel. Dorothy Mitchell and Martha More are belleshops, and Max Himmelstein is both welfare director and head porter. Marie Johnson has just returned from Somaliland, where she was an aviatrix in the Welbaum, Wenzler and Walter Aerial Express Corporation, Inc.

Savannah—The superintendent of the local traction company, Harold "Frooh" Smith, is bringing suit against Mayor Covington for damages. The complaint is that the latter has been spreading the false report that Stuart Cox, circuit judge, has been seen too much around the famous actress, Lucille Clapesattle. Cox is furious and has secured Abe Fichman as his lawyer. Bonita Christopher, Flossie Olson and Clura Powell own a large seminary. Ralph Schmidt is taking tickets at the Kigar Wireless Station. There is a rumor that Kigar has made connections with the north pole.

New York City—The finest and most costly modiste shop in the world is owned and operated by Irene Giles, the world's authority on dress-designing. Elizabeth Cole, Lenora Miller and Margaret Simminger are models (?) and Wayne Crawford is Arizona salesman. The well-renowned fancy dancing teacher, Alice Kayser, has married a wealthy heir who happens to be none other than Richard Evans, who made his money from the Brauer-Evans Combined Beauty

Parlor and Bowling Alleys. L. E. H. M. V. Z. Strieder and I. Freeman are patent hair dressers and Margaret Albersmeyer owns a lemon stand on Broadway.

Kalamazoo—Mary Harlan is physical instructor in the Jackson School of Applied Sicology. R. Burroughs, the million dollar poetess, has added 300 pages to "Palgrave's Golden Treasury," thereby winning the Rapp Medal for Deeds of Bravery. Dorothy Simpson is an architect for the Goldberger Construction Company. L. A. Smith is traveling around selling a new hot cream, made by W. Ehresman, the well known chemist, who can't understand why the gentle sex insist on wearing cold cream in cold weather.

Los Angeles—P. David Porterfield and Robert Peace Pollak are engaged in an uplifting business. P. David runs a suspender factory, while Robert Peace is owner, salesman and receiver of a belt company. (Belt Line—5c.) They seem to be supporting themselves quite fittingly.

Albany—B. Bentz is shaking a tambourine for the Salvation Army. An immense car, parked in front of the Gillette Restaurant (Safety First) bore the words:

WHITE & THOMAS
Enterprising Undertakers.
"EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?"

Further down the street a large sign read "Washings washed." Conrad Scott was the proprietor of this establishment and his squad of soap-and-board experts consisted of K. Arnold, A. Baker, E. Bleke, R. Bueker and H. Brucks.

Decatur—E. C. Krimmel, who owns a potato farm here, has engaged Dick Knox to kill the potato bugs by dropping bombs on them.

Phoenix—Margaret Keegan, Kathryn Lose and Marjorie King are canvassing the western states soliciting votes for Shockley Lockridge for president, who has become prominent by his plea for increase of teachers' salaries.

Montreal—Bertha Black is attendant at the Canadian Correspondence School of Orphanage. She teaches spherical trigonometry.

St. Louis—Lucille Franke and Martha Meta Joan Irmscher are organizing the St. Louis Women's Civic League. They are living a very enjoyable life—rooming at E. Hudson's boarding school until the new Y. W. C. A. is erected by the "honorable" Kibigers I and II, manufacturers of second-hand buildings.

Mexico City—Sarah Grace Randall is living comfortably with her husband, A. Miles, a retired trapper.

Duluth—L. Polhamus is holding a revival "champagne" at G. Major's Corset Shop. Wilma Cole is organist and Mary Eunice Eaton is choir leader. Her favorite selection is "Why, Oh! Why, Is Milk Only Chewed Grass?" written by the aspiring ex-conflict, Hugh William Van De Grift.

Philadelphia—L. Krauhs, G. Longsworth and V. Knight are nurses at Whitaker's Hospital for Injured Pool Players.

Memphis—Helen Mikesell has just been granted a divorce by Special Judge Lutey from a wealthy broker.

Denver—Ruth Glass and Grace Hamlet were hostesses at a delightful Firemen's Ball last week. At a late hour refreshments were served consisting mainly of a little "hamlet" with a "glass." Hilda Kammeir has just completed her first film. She is doing very nicely as understudy to Charles Chaplin.

Roanoke—W. Heine, V. Holt, C. B. Johnson and A. E. Johnson have formed a bridge club—they buy and sell fiddle bridges.

New Haven—A society of scientific

farmerettes deserve horrible mention by giving to the world their latest accomplishment—a cobless corn. The society is composed of R. Kinerk, B. Klaehn, O. Osborn, E. Pfeiffer, H. Rehorst and G. Revert. Evelyn Ross takes second prize by her accomplishment—seedless watermelons. F. Russell, D. Titsworth, E. Trier, R. Tucker, L. Wager, M. Woebbeking, N. Woodhull and M. Young are working for the Takimori Waterfield and Zahrt Prune Agency.

Well, as mentioned before, I was forced to take a rather roundabout route to get back to my old home town, but what joy it gave me to meet all these '20's and learn about their worries in life! It recalled to me former days and nights when future dreams were never thought of turning out so true and successful.

Let's see—oh! yes, I am here on business for the Helmke Dry Cleaning Company and I guess I had better be getting to it.

$5 Please
Prophecies Made Up to Order
MALCOLM M. CRIGHTON
Sooth Sayer

How to Find Your Average

Multiply the numerical equivalent of your grade by the number of hours per week which the subject is carried. Add the products and divide by the total number of hours. Do this for each semester and then average the semester grades.

Under the old system, a laboratory period of two hours counted only one hour.

The numerical equivalents, as furnished by Mr. Ward are:

Old Plan		*New Plan*	
+A	= 100	+A	= 98
A	= 97	A	= 95
—A	= 95	—A	= 92
+E	= 94	+B	= 88
E	= 92	B	= 85
—E	= 90	—B	= 82
+G	= 88	+C	= 78
G	= 85	C	= 75
—G	= 83	—C	= 72
+G	= 78		
G	= 75		
+G	= 70		

For example, in the 9B your grades were:

+A	Latin	100	× 5	= 500
+E	Algebra	94	× 4	= 376
—A	English	95	× 5	= 475
E	Botany	92	× 5	= 460
			—	——
			19	1811

Average, 95.3.

The Toilers

Hudson, Ellen 94.65
(Valedictorian)
Kibiger, Louise 94.34
Salutatorian)
Ross, Evelyn 94.17
Simpson, Dorothy 93.95
Irmscher, Martha 93.86
Murray, Marion 93.15
Jackson, Katherine 93.00
Rapp, Helen 92.36
Helmke, Walter 91.66
Kibiger, Louis 91.63

Reminiscence

Oh school, that once was loved so dear
While impatiently we waited
To be released from out thy sphere,
Impatience is now abated.

We yearn to see thy stern gray wall
With discipline behind it.
"We know the world now as it is,
Not as we'd hoped to find it."

Long weary hours of toil and strife
With sandwiched joy between,
Have turned the mirror onto Life
And broke youth's bubbled dream.

Six years ago a poet's (?) guess
When at thy doors we parted
Has proved too true, but we are blest,
For more might have departed.

Now that the world is free again
And things remain serene,
The worry cords are cut in twain
From interrupted dreams.

Our thoughts go back to school days,
May those days never die!
We'll just say farewell always,
It can never be good-bye.

—Jesse J. Peters, M. D., '14.

Board of Managers

Edwin Thomas.....President Senior Class
Martha Irmscher.....Vice-President Senior Class
Walter Helmke.....Sec.-Treas. Senior Class
Mary Eunice Eaton.....
.....Elected as a Member by Senior Class
Robert Pollak.....
.....Elected as a Member by Senior Class

The CALDRON ANNUAL

Spotlight Officials

Robert Pollak.....
.....Editor, Oct.-Feb.; Co-Editor, March-June

Alice McKeehan.....Co-Editor, March-June

Malcolm Crighton.....
.....Business Manager, Oct.-Feb.

Orieon Spaid.....Business Manager, March-June

BOB CLAIMS ALL TYPEWRITERS BELONG TO THE SAME CLICK.

SPOTLIGHT
STAFF
STUART
Mc MILLEN

Spotlight Staff

Robert Pollak - - - - Editor, Oct.-Feb.; Co-Editor, March-June
Alice McKeehan - - - - - - - - Co-Editor, March-June
Malcolm Crighton - - - - Business Manager, October-February
Orieon Spaid - - - - - - - - Business Manager, March-June

ATHLETICS

Von Taylor — Samuel Leschinsky — Dale Kigar

LITERARY

Alexander Goldberger — Dorothy Simpson
Mary Eunice Eaton—Girls' Organization

QUESTIONNAIRE

Walter Helmke — Edwin Thomas
James Erwin—Senior Class Reporter — Mildred Fruechte—Junior Class Reporter
Sophia Irmscher—Sophomore Class Reporter

FRESHMEN CLASS REPORTERS

Regene Minske — Earl Gardner — Stuart McMillen

ART DEPARTMENT

Hugh Van DeGrift — Ralph Sunday — Philip Porterfield — Helen Scott

SOCIETY

Martha Irmscher — Irene Giles

STENOGRAPHERS

Wilhelmina Heine — Marjorie King
Manuel King - - - - - - - - - Circulation Manager

A Bit of History

By "Retlaw," '20

The Spotlight

The 1920 class happens to be the fifty-sixth class to graduate from the Fort Wayne High School. In the majority of cases the classes that have graduated in the last fifty-five years have generally adopted the policies and tactics of the preceding classes, except of course the first graduating class. In fact very few can lay claim to the distinction of doing something decidedly different and extraordinarily beneficial to the school.

According to records the classes preceding the graduating class of 1904 merely graduated. Undoubtedly there were certain activities that these classes carried on, but none have left "footprints on the sands of time."

But in the spring of 1903 a research department was established by the class of '04. The first work was done by a committee of five during the following summer. This committee of five made a survey of the journalistic efforts of high schools in Indiana and neighboring states. The immediate result of the investigation was the committee's deduction that some kind of a publication was within the scope of the class of 1904. So plans were made for the publication of a school paper to appear each month in the following school year.

The paper was founded on September the 15th, 1903, and after all the troublesome details were arranged, the question of a suitable name came up. Anything suggestive of a scrap-heap seemed appropriate. There were the "Debris," numerous "Echoes," et cetera.

A quotation from Macbeth was finally the source of the now well-known title—

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and Caldron bubble."

And thus the monthly publication which continued for sixteen years was born. So the class of 1904 goes down in history as doing something distinctive and worthy of remembrance.

Between 1904 and 1913 the monthly publication continued quite regularly. In this period three classes attempted to publish an Annual and only one succeeded. So the class of 1914, being an anniversary class, decided that it was time to do something extraordinary. After successfully publishing the monthly issues, the class of '14, under the the capable leadership of Peter Edson, placed before the students of the Fort Wayne High School an Annual that is a monument to the school spirit of that class.

The following classes from 1915 to 1919 each published monthly issues of the Caldron and also an Annual, each class striving to excel the preceding one in the publication of the monthly Caldron and Annual.

Now we come down to modern history. In the spring of 1919 the president of the 1920 class approached Mr. Ward on the subject of electing the Caldron staff for the following year. On the advice of Mr. Ward, who gave some excellent reasons why his advice should be accepted, the two important ones being,

The TRIUMPHANT RISE OF THE SPOTLIGHT

The SPOTLIGHT

Vol. I. No. 1. OCTOBER 3, 1919 Fort Wayne High School.

DEBATING PLANNED

W K Explained — Many Promising Candidates in Class.

Purpose of the Paper

PROSPECTS GOOD

Basketball Season to Be Corker—Football Doubtful.

The Spotlight

Vol. I. No. 5. OCTOBER 31, 1919 Fort Wayne High School.

F.W.H.S. AND DECATUR TIE IN GREAT GAME

TEACHERS IN SESSION

Our Boys Show Stuff Before Large Crowd

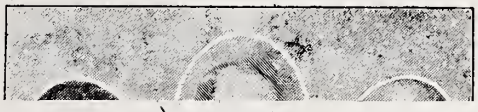
MANY GRADS AT SCHOOL

THE SPOTLIGHT

Vol. I. No. 7. NOVEMBER 14. 1919 Fort Wayne High School

BEGIN BASKET BALL

Rohan Back—Prospects Good—Class Teams Also Practice



VARSITY TRIUMPHS

Defeats Scrubs 21-0—Russel of Faculty Stars for Scrubs

Truly the scrubs earned their name

Geneva Tonight Everyoody Out! !

THE SPOTLIGHT

"BOOST THE SCHOOL"

Cut Out the Song. It is YOUR Song.

Vol. I. No. 14. JANUARY 23, 1920 Fort Wayne High School.

BIG CALDRON ANNUAL

To Come Out in June—Spotlight to Give Mammoth Vaudeville.

The board of managers of the Spotlight, consisting of Edwin Thomas, Martha Irmscher. Walter Helmke, Mary

OUR NEW SCHOOL SONG

Words by Marian Murray
Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland"
Cut this out and bring it to the game tonight Save it for future use

DROP A CLOSE ONE

Girls Lose Also—Geneva Tonight.

In one of the best games of the season in which the score was continually in doubt, Decatur defeated Fort Wayne by six points, the final score being 20 14 About one hundred people went to De

"time to change and rid the school of a political hot-box," the monthly Caldron passed into oblivion.

So it rested upon the shoulders of the class of 1920 to do something decidedly different. Mr. Ward with several Seniors decided that no better thing could be done than publish a weekly paper. It was decided that the publication should be under the control of a board of managers and two members of the faculty. The board of managers should consist of the three Senior class officers, president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, and two Seniors elected by the graduating class. This board with the faculty had the power to appoint the Editor and Business Manager and also the power to remove either in case of non-performance of duty. The Editor has the right to choose his own staff and also the power to discharge any member of the staff he appointed.

As might be expected the arrangements for such a task were numerous. The two students whose interest and initiative along this line are worthy of praise are Robert Pollak and Edwin Thomas. They gathered all the necessary data concerning the publication of a weekly paper so that as soon as the editor would be chosen the paper could be published without delay.

At the Senior class election, Edwin Thomas, Martha Irmscher and Walter Helmke, the three newly elected class officers, became *ex-officio* members of the board of managers and Mary Eunice Eaton and Robert Pollak were elected by the Senior class to make the board of managers complete.

Without delay the board of managers met with Mr. Ward and Mr. Null (Mr. Ward is a member of the advisory board by virtue of his office and Mr. Null was appointed by Mr. Ward as the other faculty advisor) and appointed Robert Pollak, editor, and Malcolm Crighton, business manager. At a later date the name SPOTLIGHT was picked to grace the heading of our new publication. The students were given the privilege of submitting names and the honor falls to Chester Walter of suggesting the title SPOTLIGHT. And indeed a Spotlight it has been, for it has cast its rays of information upon many a dormant student and awakened in him a new spirit of school patriotism.

The first issue of the SPOTLIGHT was published on October 3, 1919. In this issue the purpose of the paper was outlined and is again here reproduced.

I—To bring to the students and faculty such school news as they are not likely to get except through the columns of a school paper.

II—To create and foster wholesome school spirit.

III—To entertain to a limited extent.

Whether the SPOTLIGHT has fulfilled its established purposes remains for the student body and faculty to decide. However, after a moment's reflection, it seems that it would be impossible to decide adversely. For one need only enumerate the campaigns it inaugurated and how it boosted athletics and the numerous school activities. If one could enumerate none but the Bachelor of Arts campaign, its value as a school paper would be inestimable. For through its influence an excellent piece of art was brought to our school, which is not blessed with the over-abundance of artistic works. I hope that a precedent has been established and that this school of ours will yearly be the recipient of such a splendid gift.

You will remember that the first eight issues of the SPOTLIGHT were somewhat small, almost resembling a pamphlet. But the staff, always eager to give

the student body everything within its power, almost doubled the size of the publication on the ninth issue. And that size it remained throughout the year.

After several weeks the SPOTLIGHT became an institution and its appearance was so regular on every Friday that the majority of the students failed to realize what a task it really was to make our paper appear so regularly. The student would throw down his nickel, pick up his paper and rush off trying to read while edging his way through the crowd. But it never entered that student's mind that what he is joyfully reading it took many weary hours to prepare, and that other students were spending their time that they might be informed about current school news and also entertained to some extent. The paper was hardly sold before collecting material for the next week's issue began.

And the worrying was not done by the student but by the editor. The school certainly owes much to Robert Pollak that he accepted the position to pilot our weekly newspaper on its doubtful journey. He safely guided it through the threatening waters and after several weeks it was sailing glibly along in the open sea. Malcolm Crighton was taking care of his position admirably. The rays of the SPOTLIGHT were all over the school. To carry on the idea of a sailing vessel, Mally was throwing the SPOTLIGHT on all dangerous rocks that might hover in sight. Everybody was elated over the success of the new venture.

But, alas, I fear too elated. For hovering on the horizon was a dark cloud. It approached the ship and threatened to destroy it. The dark cloud was "lessons and study." Mally was the first to go over. This disastrous storm took place March 5, 1920. And then over went Bob. No SPOTLIGHT appeared on March 12. The ship was being tossed about on the wild sea without pilot or firemen.

An S. O. S. was sent out and relief ships arrived with four members of the board of managers and Mr. Ward and Mr. Null. Bob was still afloat but Mally had gone under. However, his services are remembered, for while aboard he devoted much of his time to the success of the SPOTLIGHT.

On March 19, 1920, Robert Pollak, with Alice McKeehan as co-editor, Oreion Spaid as business manager and the same staff, again published to the delight of all of us a very interesting SPOTLIGHT. And thus it continued to the end of the year, and thus ends the story how the 1920 class lays claim to the honor of being distinctly head and shoulders above preceding classes. It dared to do that which other classes wished to do. And though at times its hopes of success were gloomy and dark, it succeeded!

TO UNDERCLASSMEN

The '20 class beckons you with a shout,
Never to let the SPOTLIGHT go out!

* * *

The Caldron Annual

After the SPOTLIGHT had been taken care of, the next job for the board of managers to consider was the publication of an ANNUAL. It was decided to make it an independent publication and to be conducted by a different staff. At this meeting, which was held in January, Walter Helmke was appointed editor and Malcolm Crighton, business manager. The rules for this publication are the same as those governing the SPOTLIGHT. Later Malcolm Crighton resigned

to attend to other duties and Edwin Thomas was appointed in his stead. The purpose of this year book is practically known to everyone, so no long article of explanation is necessary. The staff has striven to make it also distinct and it hopes that its attempts have not been in vain. Since the publication of this book is quite costly, the financial aid of the SPOTLIGHT is very much appreciated and also the splendid support of the student body and faculty.

Worthy deeds are here recorded
Of the year that has departed.
May future classes strive to exceed
What you have read to be great deeds!

High School

(Arletta Schmuck, '21)

Oh, the many, many things
That a day at high school brings!
French translation, Latin prose,
  Lab experiments overdue,
Book reviews that no one knows,
  History tests and map books too,
Not to mention reading Burke—
Every class is an hour of work!

And when school hours are thru,
There still is work to do—
Outside readings, hard and long;
  Study for tomorrow's test;
That debate must not be wrong;
  Oral comps must be one's best;
Is there ever so much strife
In an older person's life?

But whene'er I think of this,
"How much fun some people miss!"
I pick up each work-worn book
  With more than my usual care;
Then I give a smiling look
  To my schoolmates everywhere;
Pity those who cannot see
What this high school means to me!

JUNIORS

The Junior Directory

Class Officers

[illegible]

Class Colors—Gold and Black

Class Yell

[illegible]

Faculty Advisers

[illegible]

Social Committee

[illegible]

BRONSON RAY
VICE-PRESIDENT
FORT WAYNE HS 21
ROBERT KOERBER
PRESIDENT
MISS SITES
FACULTY ADVISOR
HELEN WOODING
SECRETARY-TREASURER
JUNIOR CLASS of 1921
MR. NORTHRUP
FACULTY ADVISOR
VELMA CRAWFORD
JAMES BITNER
SOCIAL COUNCIL
ROBERT RICHEY

History of Class of '21

(Mildred Fruechte)

The already famous class of 1921 needs no lengthy history to let the world know of its importance in the life of the Fort Wayne High School.

The class entered in September of 1917 with a membership of three hundred and seventy-five. In February we organized after the fashion of Freshmen classes and selected Irwin Deister to lead us through our infant days with the assistance of Jimmie Bitner and financial aid of Julia Bash. The social council consisted of Virginia Thieme, Helen Willson and Bob Koerber. The class colors chosen were black and gold and the faculty advisors Mr. Northrup and Miss Sites.

Owing to the fact that school was closed for some time because of the coal shortage, we did not have our class party until late in the season, but believe us, it was some party!

When we returned in September, we were more than capable of telling the Juniors where to head in and the Freshmen where to get off. (Of course we respected the Seniors so much that we thought it best not to tell them anything.)

At the class election Irwin Deister was re-elected president; Bob Koerber was chosen vice-president; Bronson Ray, secretary-treasurer, and Velma Crawford, Loren Brentlinger and Virginia Thieme the members of the social council.

Our social activities were again interfered with by the flu epidemic which closed the schools. Consequently we couldn't have a class party in our Sophomore year; however, we gave a benefit show at the Orpheum, which increased our treasury somewhat.

So our third year finds us in everything that goes on around the F. W. H. S. except faculty meetings and Senior and Sophomore elections. In points of scholarship and interest in general student activities, we yield first place to none. In athletics, also, our class is supreme, a fact which is shown by our victory at the interclass basket ball tournament.

At the class election held this year, it was necessary to expel several "political bosses" (Seniors) from the meeting. After this was done, the officers elected were: President, Bob Koerber; vice-president, Bronson Ray; secretary-treasurer, Helen Wooding; and members of the social council, Jimmie Bitner, Velma Crawford and Bob Richey. The class gave a fine party March 26, which was a grand success. (By decision of good judges on the matter.)

In short, the past year has been, and the present is full of glory and praise for 1921. Who can doubt that greater achievements await the two hundred and eighty-five members of the class of 1921?

'21 IN 1921

(R. K.)

Every class which has graduated from this school has probably THOUGHT itself the best one that had ever achieved this difficult feat. The class of 1921 differs from other classes in this respect—it KNOWS that it is the best. There have been plenty of evidences pointing to this fact so far, but the real worth of the class will be shown next year. The outlook is very bright. The 1921 class possesses a great abundance of brains, muscle and pep and with these three necessaries in hand, next year's Seniors are going to give you a better Spotlight, winning athletes, an invincible debating team, real school spirit, an unsurpassed vaudeville and Senior play and some real social events. Keep your eyes on '21!

Why Go to a Fortune Teller?

NAME	PAST	PRESENT	FUTURE
Bob Koerber	Teacher's pet	In love (?)	Dutiful husband.
Ralph Sunday	Monkey	Phule	Lyric singer.
Esther Moll	Minister's daughter	Emotional orator	Militant suffragette.
Stewart Hulse	Studious	Boob McNutt	Doubtful.
Arletta Schmuck	A blank	Would-be poet	Old maid.
Bronson Ray	Pride of New Haven	Wild	Deacon.
Don Thomas	Fresh	Flirtish	Janitor of F. W. H. S.
Katherine Beierlein	Baby	Baby doll	'21 bride.
Helen Wooding	Studious	More studious	Most studious.
Velma Crawford	Truant	Same as past	? ? ? ?
Irwin Deister	Boy scout	Jazz artist	Movie hero.
Mildred Fruechte	Born chattering	Still chattering	Died chattering.
Jim Bitner	Mellen's food baby	Ladies' man	Bachelor.
Toodles Brentlinger	Red hair	Red hair	Red hair.
Sam Fletcher	N. G.	Four-flusher	Missionary.
Ray Jones	Republican	Republican	Republican.
Senora Rieke	A crying baby	Athlete	Fair, fat, and forty.
Bob Saviers	Cute	Parasite	Henpecked husband.
Florence Gruber	Dutch brunette	A "painter"	Ford chauffeur.
Glenn Cunnison	Poor hick	Student (?)	Floor walker
Walter Paulison	Hard worker	Lady grabber	Editor of the Arcola Democrat.
Abe Latker	Russian	Jewish	Irish.
Norman Hadley	Roughneck	Physics star	Edison II.
Bud Comparet	Freshman	Junior	Senior (?)
Dwight Shirey	Bible student	Pool shark	Still worse.
Eric Mulholland	TOO DEEP	FOR	US.
Bab Urbahns	Same as present	Same as past	Society belle.
Francis Morse	Buck private	Francis X. Bushman	Gen. in Mex. army.
Bob Richey	2 ft. 5 in.	6 ft. 1 in.	8 ft. 3 in.
Ed Dodez	"You'd be surprised"	Farmer	You know.
Charlotte Auger	Miss Auger	Mademoiselle Auger	Madame ————
Earl Adams	Bottle buster	Strong man	Pugilist.
Monk Wilson	8th grade—4 yrs.	"English" expert	College professor.
Dorothy Wolf	Ask dad—he knows	Smiling	W. C. T. U.

Inseparables

Deister and his banjo.
Wooding and pep.
Latker and two bits.
Crawford and conversation.
Thomas and his alarm clock watch.
Sihler and astronomy.
Taft and the Subway.
Crane and N. Webster.
Sunday and the Lyric.
Beierlein and a male companion.
Fruechte and her kodak pocketbook.

The 1921 Class Poem

(Arletta Schmuck, '21)

In the '21 class are two boys, two pals,
Who share the trouble of love and work and gals:
Bob's the president—I must put him first,
Because for a lady's man, he's the worst;
Ever making eyes and dancing in whirls,
He's terribly addicted to frivolous girls.
When it comes to love, he's full of greed:
Small wonder our class chose him to lead!
"Old Man Koerber?"—you're mistaken!
(When he acts that way, he's fakin'!)

The other has affection at heart—hold his pulse!
(Don't you see the pretty miss
Who has made his life all bliss?)
By-the-by, I'm speaking of our schoolmate, "Stew" Hulse.

Now theres a certain girl whom we've all seen—
Gladys Green Young—("Why the Green?")
"Ever since I've been 'Young,' said she to me,
"I've insisted on being called 'Green,'"
and she *be*—
By that name the teachers know her—
Results: grades are getting lower!

It's as easy for Irv to spend,
As it is to be in tune;
Tho they say that he's fond of the moon!

It's as easy for Irv to be jazzy,
As it is for him to be glad;
But the fact that his playing
Will keep your feet swaying
Is credit enough to the lad!

Miss Bash, your young junior,
Has eyes blue and bright;
But we know that her beauty
Keeps her from her duty—
She *never* studies at night!

The fact that she likes a Senior
Is proof enough for that;
But the result of a fight
On 'most any night—is
"Ed—please—get—your—hat!"

It's natural for John to be talking,
And he recites with good cheer;
But the students worth while
Are the ones who can smile
When his Latin translation they hear.

It's all right for John to make new words,
Ne'er heard by even Mrs. Lane;
But the tone he adopts,
And the questions he pops,
Make us all want to "Cicero" Crane!

Now everyone knows Sam Fletcher,
The star of his physics class;
The boys say he's a brick,
But he makes the teachers sick
When he starts "his line o' sass!"

We know that he's always fooling,
Except (y) when he's shooting craps!
But you ought to see the look
That he fastens on his book
Whenever Miss Wingert raps.

You'd think our school a fashion show,
To see Miss Gruber enter.
When it comes to attraction
And masculine action,
Why Florence is the very center!

We don't see when she gets her work—
  She has so little time;
But she works (?) just the same,
And stays in the game,
  And *she* doesn't regard it a crime.

They speak of a lad named Don Thomas,
  And say he's as nice as can be;
They admit that he's only his mamma's
  (Except when his mamma can't see!)

In school he's a maker of mischief,
  Inveigled in every plot—
We know that he bluffs all his teachers—
  Don Thomas! As square as a dot!

So see Miss Rieke working,
  Is a joy, I confess,
For her work's all play
And her time's a day
  And she works for happiness.

They named a victrola for Senora
  Because she can play so well;
She takes all parts
And deals in hearts—
  And—well, you never can tell!

The dude of the class is Jim Bitner,
  Who starts all the fashions at high;
While the ladies all grieve,
He just laughs up his sleeve,
  And he's fond of eating peach pie.

They say he never quits laughing,
  Tho he's as wise as can be;
When you see him with Helen—
(But that would be tellin'
  The cause of his eternal glee!)

It's Helen's nature to be sweet
  And all the Juniors know it;
She studies, too,
As all should do
  And every lesson shows it.

"H. Wooding" on any exercise
  Is a mark of approval;
The Sophs would cry,
And the Juniors die,
  If anything caused her removal!

It's as easy for Eric to blush,
  As it is for him not to recite;
For he's bashful and shy
And the Profs wonder why
  Eric can't study at night!

We know that his car's a beauty,
  Because it is seen every day;
But the roads that he takes
And the laws that he breaks
  Explain why he's blushing and gay.

There's one in our class who is lonesome
    and sad,
Tell me, what does ail that Ed Dodez
    lad?
Is his hair too long?
Or his love too strong?

He sings, "Take Me Back to Old Virginny" all the time.
  Well, Wood was a '20,
  Now isn't that plenty
To warrant his singing that rhyme?

There's giggling and gayety,
  Whenever Velm's in the crowd;
But she never cares
How school work fares,
  Altho she is so proud.

But, she says, the best in life
  Is not the *work* in school— . .
(That the guide of the mind
Is the heart—you'll find
  Is the general rule!)

Junior Athletics

(Jim Bitner, '21)

Athletics have taken a big jump in the whole school, but in the '21 class they have gained a stand that we can be proud of.

For the first time in twelve years Fort Wayne High had a football team. As could be expected, the '21 class turned out with the "pep" and vim for which it is noted, and put in many long and hard practices. When the whistle blew for the first game, the school saw the results of hard practices. The class of '21 had five players in the lineup. Ritchey, our big boy, played a whale of a game at fullback, and could be counted on in a pinch to gain the necessary yards. Deister, always marked for his clean, fast playing, held the quarterback position. "Irv" was there with the dash and "pep" that marks a member of our class. Adams, our husky chap, played a guard position like a veteran and could be counted on to hold his ground. Schulz, playing a tackle position, was in every play and was there on the defense. Late in the season Hanson became eligible and played a great game in the backfield.

Basket ball, the most popular sport in our school, was started with a rush. The '21 class turned out splendidly. This is the only game which the girls are allowed to play. But our class was elected to four of the six positions on the varsity. Helen Bruekner (captain) played a great game at center. "Velm" Crawford paired off with Mildred Pfeiffer at forward and both girls played a strong game. Helen Wooding played a good game at guard with Ruth Tepper and Esther Moll. Better luck to you next year, girls.

At the beginning of the season we had only one player on the varsity, but before the season ended every position was held by a Junior. Adams made a guard position with ease and displayed a wonderful game. Wilson, although a "sub" when the first game was played, was put in the last few minutes of the second game and never relinquished the pivot position. His foul-shooting and cool-headed playing put him on the all-district team at Huntington. We are expecting great things of "Monk" next year. Morse, captain of the Montpelier varsity last year, entered our class in November. Before many practices he won a forward position, and through his stellar playing and accurate shooting, he won the esteem of the entire school. Morse made running guard on the all-district team at Huntington. The end of the first semester opened up a forward position. "Jim" Bitner had been making a bid for the position and was made a regular. Throughout the rest of the year he alternated the position with Scheuman. The team was hit with the "flu" about this time and it laid out Adams for two weeks. It was only fitting that Richey should be given the position. Bob had been attending practice faithfully and he had a lot of "pep." He played his best games at the tournament, perhaps because of a parental watchfulness over him. Hanson showed his worth in the couple of games he played, but did not come out in time to be certified for the tournament.

The class tournament was won by the Juniors. Why not? We had to keep up to last year's record. Then that tournament at the end of the season—we didn't have Wilson, but it was too easy for us anyway. We romped away with the Sophs in the second game of the tournament, and ran away with the Freshies in the finals. The Freshies were not allowed one field goal the entire game.

Large (captain) and his mates, Thomas, English, Brayer, Gaylord, are expected to make strong bids for positions on the first and second team next year.

Our prospects for baseball were bright. Deister, a veteran of last year, made his old position as catcher and played a strong game all season. Morse was elected to a field position and Adams held down third base with all the "pep" and vim of '21. Lindeman and Brayer were with the squad through the season.

All this goes to show just how fine and big our class of '21 really is. It has been a great year for us as well as the whole school. Now '21 let's come back next year in our last lap and make things hum in good old Fort Wayne High.

Illustrious Juniors

"Who is the no good of the class?" asked the Freshman of the Junior. "Why, Zweig, of course," answered the Junior readily.

The boy with the vaseline hair and lithe figure is James Bitner.

Mildred Freuchte is our classy little orator.

Morse, the handsome lad from the sunny south, is a clever athlete and an all 'round good fellow.

William Sihler—"Fair science frowned not at his birth."

"Who is that amusing looking student with the scowling face and bushy hair?" asked the reverend old gentleman. "That, sir, is Ray Jones, our class philosopher and a second Socrates."

Do any of you know Don Thomas, he of the marvelous physique and gifted with the science of bluff? Well, he's certainly a hit with the ladies.

John Crane, the boy with the fiery temper and gift of expostulation, is never seen without the greater part of the library under his arms.

Florence Gruber, of San Frangeles, California, who deprived Theda Bara of her job. She has a dangerous sideward glance; fellows—beware!

Arletta Schmuck, class poetess and authorette, she shure is there with the goods.

Kenneth Bechtel, the handsome boy, better acquainted with cork tips and pay ball than with Latin and geometry.

Of course our vamp exponent is Mary Young.

Foster Taft, that handsome chap with the white locks, he never worked and never will.

We couldn't think of anything good enough to suit Helen Wooding; anyway everybody is acquainted with her.

Bob Koerber, Stewart Hulse, fine sports—nuff sed.

Babe Urbahns, we saw her in the movies. Movie queen, look out for your laurels.

Senora Rieke, fashioned so slenderly.

Our peroxide kid is Julia Bash, of course.

Juniors

The first to consider
  At the head of the list
Is Julia Bash
  Who's never (?) been kissed.

Next comes a smart boy
  Known as F. Taft;
If it weren't for his looks
  You'd think him daft.

There's a sweet little miss
  By the name of Calhoun
Who's going to be a
  Bride this next June.

Another cute youth
  Is this Bronson Ray
Who flirts with the girls
  Almost every day.

Now this brings us down
  To our friend James Todd,
Who everyone knows
  Is somewhat odd.

Theres' Dolly Guest
  As good as the rest,
Who has a front seat
  With the best of the best.

Another lank youth
  Is Michael Brayer,
Universally known
  As a basket ball player.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomore Directory

Class Officers

Emil Deister ..... President
Charles Miles ..... Vice-President
Sophia Irmscher ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Class Colors—Green and Gold

Class Yell

Green and Gold—never blue;
Finest class you ever knew;
Full of pep and ginger, too,
Class of Nineteen Twent-Two.

Faculty Advisers

Mr. Murch Miss Hawkins

Social Council

Katherine Willson Gustav Rump Margaret Heinz

EMIL DEISTER
PRESIDENT
SOPHIA IRMSHER
SECRETARY-TREASURER
CHARLES MILES
VICE-PRESIDENT
SOPHOMORE
CLASS
of
1922
GUSTAV RUMP
MR. MURCH
FACULTY ADVISOR
MISS HAWKINS
FACULTY ADVISOR
SOCIAL COUNCIL
KATHERINE WILLSON
MARGARET HEINE

Ye Sophomore Class History

'Twas in the year of our Lord one-nine-one-eight,
That Twenty-two entered the fateful gate.
An exception to the rule was our entrance here,
For nowhere could be seen the usual fear.
Then we to the session room did hie
To hear the instructions Miss Wingert did cry;
But while listening to those dreadful tales,
Everyone stifled his moans and his wails.
It was then announced that some Seniors dear
Would show us the rooms, even then very drear.
'Twas only a short time before it was seen
That, indeed, Twenty-two was not so green!
After giving enough time to pick out one,
Capable to leading us thru success and fun,
We chose Robert Nipper for our president
And Charles Miles as his right-hand assistant.
To carry our money all thru the year
Fell to the lot of Sophia Irmscher.
For social council we elected three,
Jeanette Albert, Don McKeeman, and Margaret Heine.
Mister Croninger and Miss Nelson, too,
For Faculty advisors we did choose.
For colors we selected green and gold,
Emblems of strength and success, as of old.
Then we our efforts to study applied
And were rewarded by and by;
For never such a class party was seen
As the first one held by the Gold and Green.
After the entertainment and all kind of feats,
We were all invited to partake of the eats.
It is needless to ask who the eats did refuse
For, as ever, to count would be of no use.
All credit for this wonderful success was due
To the plans of Miss Wingert and our able crew.
As we neared the end one fact did gleam
That honor and fame we'd won, by all means.
But when we returned in our Sophomore year,
The class had lost a member, very dear.

For 'twas our brave president who'd journeyed afar,
Even to Indianapolis with his car.
But this was the thing, which caused us great woe,
He was to return, indeed, never mo'e!
Then came a day in September, when we did meet,
Our new officers for the coming year to seat.
We elected Emil Deister for president
And re-elected Charles Miles assistant.
To tote (?) our money and it never lose,
For this we Sophia Irmscher did choose.
To keep us safe on our social stump
Were Kathryn Willson, Margaret Heine, and Gust Rump.
To keep us from trouble was Mr. Murch so tall,
And to aid him in this was Miss Hawkins so small.
Then these their efforts, one day, did combine
In order to give us a real good time.
And so it happened, one night in November
At the old High School we gathered together.
To the dance floor we marched, merry and gay,
After enjoying a clever farce play.
All those who rather preferred not to dance
At prearranged games were given a chance.
Dickerson's furnished the music for dancing,
And many couples o'er the floor were prancing.
To top this affair off as a grand success
Were heaps of refreshments, more than you'd ever guess.
Now to the end of the first half we've come
With many honors and victories won.
May our last lap run smoothly as the former
And surpass in school activities and honor.

—Hertha Stein.

"Chat"

(Ione Breedon, '22)

The rain had been pouring steadily down for three days, and as a result the front line trenches were floored with ten inches of sticky, oozy mud. The damp, chilly air, filled with disgusting odors, was made endurable by the prevalent fragrance (shall we say) of strong cigarette smoke.

A barrage had been hammering the enemies lines for the past twelve hours, preparatory to an attack. The air was fairly a tingle with the men, for the momen for "going over" had at last arrived. The officer in charge, a young French Canadian, Jean Fladeaux by name, was standing bent double with his hands against the parapet ready to be the first to scramble over. His tense body grew yet stiffer, his lips parted—the word which was so eagerly rushing forth, trembled and died on his lips.

The men near him turned in time to surprise a look of startled, though eager amazement on the face of their young officer. Their eyes following his perceived a small bedraggled, mud-caked dog slowly and painfully wriggling his way towards them. Shrapnel was singing over his head and spitting up the dirt and mud on all sides of him, but he seemed as imperturbable and as set of purpose as a small piece of machinery. Straight towards the officer he came and as he drew near, eager arms reached out to aid and welcome him. They laid him at Jean's feet for, though mascot of their regiment, he was Jean's and was inseperable from him when they were both back of the lines, and would have followed him into the trenches if possible. Chat, for that was his name, had not come through without injury, for both of his little hind legs and one silky ear were gone. As Jean kneeled there in the mud beside him and fumbled at his collar for the message, his hand shook, a lump rose in his throat, and two big tears welled up in his eyes and rolled silently down his cheek. The code message, quickly deciphered, read:

"Order to advance and attack countermanded; retreat to third line trenches to avoid trap, as the Germans have advanced and laid mines which may go off any minute."

(Signed) G———

The nervous tension snapped. The men scrambled as quickly as the mud permitted into the connecting trench that led to the rear towards safety, a mile further back. Sadly enough the Boche began to hurl back his answer to the Yankee barrage. A shell burst in the connecting trench. Jean saw some of his companions fall but at the same time thanked heaven for Chat who had prevented the ruin of his entire command. He tenderly gathered the poor little body in his arms and went plunging and staggering through that awful slough. His heart was heavy and his progress slow. He soon fell far behind his men hurrying ahead to safety. When he had yet a half mile to go and had just passed the deserted second line the world seemed to explode. As he fell the earth shook around him, pain numbed his side, he crumpled to the ground. But involuntarily he clasped the dog in his arms. The mud seemed to swallow him and he knew no more.

Some time later, he never knew how long, he awoke with a cry, as they were lifting him from the mud to the stretcher. The pain in his side was unbearable but his thought was only for his dog and not until they had placed the wretched bleeding little creature by his side and it had placed its muddy head on his breast with

a little moan, did he again drop off into that bottomless pit of darkness. They took him to the hospital at the little village of Charleroix.

There he again regained consciousness while waiting his turn with the surgeons. Painfully he bent over and called his pal by name and patted him on the head. The dog, fast losing his strength, weakly raised his head and licked the grimy cheeks of the master he loved so well. His intelligent big brown eyes were filled with a look of potent suffering mingled with one of mild surprise, for how should he, a touzzled little dog, know the why and wherefore of all his pain and wretchedness.

As Jean met those big brown eyes his own again became blurred and his cheeks were bathed anew, for a vision had risen up before him.

Let us lift that veil of tears and see the things he saw. What is that we see? Ah! now the vision clears, it is a young woman clasping in her smooth round arms a small shaggy dog that looks strangely familiar. We have seen it before perhaps. Her cheeks were an eager flush, and hers are not the only pair of brown eyes that are raised wistfully to the slim soldier lad at her side for the dog is watching, too. The soldier lad also looks somewhat familiar. Have we seen him also? The girl's full red lips slowly part and her voice softly pleading says: "I can not go to help France; I can not go with you over there, but you will take my dog with you; you will not refuse me, Mon Cher?

And the soldier lad, who could refuse her nothing, promised. So when he sailed away that day the little dog Chat went with him. He was a very intelligent little dog and became the pride of the keeper in the little Belgian town where he was trained in the arts of war. We see also that he has saved the lives of two men in master's regiment and we see him begging softly to go along when Jean leaves for the front line trenches, but he must stay behind. Then we see a lot of excitement back there where the little dog has been left. It is not more than six hours after the barrage started when word reached the general that the Germans have advanced and laid mines that will wipe out his men out there in the trenches. The general is in despair, for the line of communciation has been cut between his headquarters and those front line trenches, preparatory to their attack on the enemy's lines.

Suddenly there is a commotion at the general's door and a young officer comes in with Chat hugging his heels. The general takes him in with a glance and immediately dashes off the message and Chat is dispatched with it. He goes eagerly and cautiously and when a flying piece of shell had done its ghastly work, Chat still makes his way as best he can with no cry of pain or complaint, for he had been trained.

A nurse and a surgeon stepped up to the stretcher and lifted the stiff, cold body of the little dog from the unresisting arms of the young man, for he had again gone under.

Several days later in a large, cheery room of the little hospital, Jean sat propped up with a pillow and in his hands were a pad and pencil. He was endeavoring to tell the brave, sad story to the girl back there, but the tears would come and make the line waver and dance before him. Slowly, with an aching heart and a lagging pen, he finally got it down and it was sent on its way.

When it arrived in that little French-Canadian town, there were tears, yes many, many tears, but they were brave, glad tears, for she, the girl, rejoiced that her little dog had proved his mettle, had saved the life of not only the dearest one in all the world to her, but also the lives of many others who were all the world to other maids and gentle, gray-haired mothers.

JUST A FEW
SNAP
SHOTS
More
OR
Less

FRESHMEN

The Freshman Directory

Class Officers

Robert Baral ..... President
Earl Gardner ..... Vice-President
Elizabeth Hadley ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Class Colors—Orange and Blue

Class Yell

Ki, Yi! Ki, Yi! Ki Flimity Bee,
Silence, Gangway, Twenty-Three;
We're hard, we're rough, we're slick, we're tough;
Nuff Sed!
Twenty-Three's the stuff!

Faculty Advisers

Miss Gardner Mr. Murphy

Social Council

Luella Schwehn Regine Minske Dorothy Mossman

EARL GARDNER
ROBERT BARAL
ELIZABETH HADLEY
VICE-PRESIDENT
PRESIDENT
SECRETARY-TREASURER
FRESHMEN
CLASS
OF
1923
MISS GARDNER
MR. MURPHY
FACULTY ADVISOR
REGINE MINSKE
FACULTY ADVISOR
SOCIAL COUNCIL
LUELLA SCHWEHN
DOROTHY MOSSMAN

Freshman Class History

(M. J. Crane, '23)

Men may come and men may go, but the persecution of Freshmen goes on forever. The class of '23 was no exception to the rule when it came up the steps of the high school last September, a stream of timid "freshies" appallingly ignorant as to the meaning of such expressions as "the bench" and " an N. G.," but in spite of the "jinx" of our numeral —23—we came through the ordeal with flying colors.

Maybe we were a little slow about having our election, but CAUTION is our middle name. The wisdom of this delay was well shown by our splendid selection of officers. Robert Baral, President; Earl Gardener, Vice-President; Elizabeth Hadley, Secretary-Treasurer, and Dorothy Mossman, Regine Minsky and Luella Schwehn on the social council.

Our first party came off in May. We all had a splendid time and agreed that our social council was about the best ever.

We are now about to enter on our second year of high school life. We intend to do bigger and better things each year and make everyone take off their hats to the peppy, enthusiastic, great old class of '23.

Our Faculty

Some of us have not yet decided whether the faculty is quite necessary in running a high school or not. But the School Board evidently thought that a few other people were needed besides the ever-eminent Seniors, the world-conquering Juniors, the sagacious Sophomores, and the emerald Freshmen to conduct a high school, so we have with us that body which strives strenuously to inculcate the deeds and writings of those who have been blessed with the ability to discover difficult things and then write them down in such a manner that the brains of many a student has ceased to function when confronted with the task of interpreting the author's meaning. Of course it is needless to say that the student quite often talks rather vociferously concerning the author (and if their bones shake every time the student starts spouting they ought to be fairly good shimmy dancers by this time). But the author of a text book has nothing on our dear teachers when it comes to being dis(cussed).

However, the teachers are our best friends (the concensus of opinion of Seniors, although the undergraduates have yet to learn it), even when they pour forth voluminous speech upon the unfortunate student who took a chance. It all goes in with a day's work for a high school student to be bawled out or to have his name emblazoned in fiery letters on the etherial blackboard.

But so much for that. What we started out to do was to show you that housed within our stone structure is a body of men and women who have graduated from the leading colleges and universities of our country and graduated in the majority of cases with degrees. After perusing carefully the following list, there certainly can be no doubt in any one's mind that Fort Wayne High School has a faculty second to none, and we ought to be the more proud of such good fortune, especially when we know that today there is a dearth of proficient school teachers.

PRINCIPAL

Louis C. Ward, A.B., Indiana University.

ASSISTANT TO THE PRINCIPAL

S. Eva Wingert, A.B., Indiana University.

ART

Evelyn Gault, Art Academy of Cincinnati, University of Cincinnati.
Anna N. Newman, Chicago Art Institute.

COMMERCIAL

Milton H. Northrup, Albion College, Head of the Department.
Harry B. Immel, Vaparaiso University.
E. H. Murch, Albion College, University of Wisconsin.
Delivan Parks, Michigan State Normal.
C. A. Townsend, Michigan State Normal.

ENGLISH

William L. McMillan, A.B., Indiana University, Head of the Department.
Elizabeth L. Demaree, A.B.,A.M., Indiana University.
Hazel Hawkins, Ph.B., University of Chicago.
Vera C. Lane, A.B.,A.M., University of Michigan.
Helen B. May, A.B., University of Illinois.
Benjamin Null, A.B., Indiana University.
Beulah Rinehart, Ph.B., University of Chicago.
Marjorie Suter, A.B., Indiana University.
Martha Pittenger, A.B., Indiana University.
Fredrica R. Tucker, A.B., DePauw.
Clara B. Williams, A.B., Indiana University.
Edith J. Winslow, A.B., Earlham College.

FRENCH

Bertha F. Nelson, A.B., A.M., Ohio Wesleyan University, Head of the Department.
Floy Caley, A.B., University of Illinois.
Marguerite Mayr, B.S., Northwestern University.
Martha O. Smith, A.B., Butler University.
Alice M. Waits, A.B., University of Chicago (Also teaches Spanish.)

HISTORY

Mary O. Kolb, A.B., Indiana University.
Maurice E. Murphy, A.B.,A.M., Indiana University, University of Illinois.
Mary Catherine Smeltzley, A.B., Indiana University.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Cooking—
Alice H. Curtiss, Buffalo Normal, University of Chicago.
Sewing—
Mary D. Edson, Hanover College, Thomas Normal Training School.

LATIN

Mary C. Harrah, A.B., Indiana University, Head of the Department.
Elizabeth Cunningham, A.B., Syracuse University.
Florence J. Lucasse, A.B., University of Chicago.
Eva M. McKinnie, A.B.; M. L., University of Illinois; University of California.
Mary E. Maloney, A.B., University of Michigan.
Martin W. Rothert, A.B.; A.M., Indiana University.

SPANISH

Emeline Carlisle, Columbia University.
Florence Lyon, A.B., Indiana University.

MANUAL TRAINING

C. C. Champion, Indiana University.
W. W. Knight, Armour Institute.
Horace T. Purfield.
G. H. Russel, Western State Normal College.
C. A. Scott, B.S., Purdue University.
Harry A. Thomas, B.S., Purdue University.

MATHEMATICS

Fred H. Croninger, B.S., Heidelberg, Head of the Department.
Nellie P. Baughman, A.B.; A. M., Indiana University.
Mary E. Gardner, B.Ph.; A.B., Ypsilanti State Normal; University of Michigan.
Glenn A. Gordy, B.S., University of Chicago.
Philip Greely, Ll.B.; A.M., Indiana University.
Mary S. Paxton, A.B.; A. M., Indiana University.
John A. Reising, B.S.; A.B.; A.M., Valparaiso University; Indiana University.
Venette M. Sites, A.B.; A.M., Smith College, University of Michigan.
L. A. Stroebel, Ph.B., University of Wisconsin.

SCIENCE

Botany—
E. S. Gould, A.B., Olivet College.

Chemistry—
Herbert S. Vorrhees, M.S.; A.M., Belmont College.

Physical Geography—
Edgar M. Suter, A.B., Indiana University.

Physics—
Robert C. Harris, A.M., University of Chicago.
Louis R. Hull, A.B., Indiana University.

Malcolm Crighton as William Faraday
"GOD BLESS MY SOUL!"
Maurice Rohan as Admiral Grice
"THERE'S OTHER FISH IN THE SEA— BIG FISH —"
Helen Mikesell & Philip Porterfield
-as-
Celia Faraday & Colonel Smith
CELIA-"I REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE HIS HAIR— IT'S SO DIFFERENT"
COL-"THAT'S A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF A BALD MAN—"
Algene Miles as Bobby Tarver
"YOU SEE—I'M WORN TO A SHADOW
Richard Knox as Henry Steele
Richard Blitz as James Raleigh
Irene Giles as Madge (Mrs. Rockingham)
Martha Irmscher as Evelyn (Lady Trenchard)
Margaret Ann Keegan as Aunt Ida
AUNT GETS A CHILL —
Lucile Franke as Phyllis Faraday
Bill White as Martin

SOCIETY

The Social Review of 1919-20

The social whirl in the Fort Wayne High School during 1919-1920 has exceeded that of any other year.

Three great events mark the history of the Senior Class, the first being the class party on December 18. The party was under the management of Miss Lucile Franke, Miss Kathryn Lose and Mr. Philip Porterfield, with different committees to assist them. It was given in the manner of a county fair with games and booths of every kind, ranging from a fortune teller to the refreshment table. Watt's orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The second event was the Senior Play, "Green Stockings," given at the Majestic Theater April 30 and May 1. It was a huge success, due to the untiring efforts of the coach, Miss Marjorie Porterfield. The actors and actresses carried it thru splendidly and deserve great praise for their earnest, steady work. Financially, also, it was very successful.

The profits from the play were used for the Commencement Dance which took place immediately after graduation. It surpassed all preceding ones in gaiety.

On March 26th the Juniors gave their class party. A short and humorous entertainment was given in the auditorium, after which the crowd adjourned to dance or play games and later to partake of delicious refreshments. This jolly party, which was enjoyed by all, was made possible by the social council, Miss Velma Crawford, Mr. Jimmy Bitner and Mr. Bob Richey.

The Juniors gave their annual Prom the first week in June at Trier's Minuet Hall. All of the many who attended this affair came away greatly pleased.

On November 14 the Sophomores gathered in the High School building to enjoy a party. After a short play in the auditorium, the guests matched postal cards to find their partners for the grand march which led to the first floor, where Dickerson's orchestra played for dancing. On the second floor there were games for those not wishing to dance. This party was enjoyed immensely and the credit is due to Miss Margaret Heine, Miss Katherine Willson and Mr. Gustav Rump, members of the social council.

On May 14 the Freshmen had their first party. Mr. Paul Hahn, Miss Lois Schoenbein and pupils and Miss Elizabeth Fisher entertained the guests in the auditorium, after which dancing on the first floor was enjoyed. This party, planned by Miss Dorothy Mossman, Miss Regene Minske and Miss Luella Schwehn, was a huge success and we predict great things for a class which has made so delightful a beginning.

On October 20th the 12B Vergil Class gave a Roman banquet at the home of Miss Lillian Polhamus, with Lillian and Miss Harrah as hostesses. The guests were garbed in Roman costumes and all enjoyed a very novel time.

Mr. Irwin Deister bent all his efforts to make the *Spotlight* Vaudeville a success. This Caldron Annual, which was partly produced from the profits from this vaudeville, plainly shows that he succeeded. The numbers were greatly appreciated by the audience, especially Pollak and Porterfield, who put over several catchy songs and parodies. Miss Wispert presented a delightful number of dances and at the evening performance Franklin's Jazzarimbo of world-wide renown, added a professional touch to the bill.

The school clubs and societies helped keep up the social life of the students during the year.

The *Sorosis*, as usual, held fortnightly meetings on Thursday evening after school. The program committee kept

the girls interested at every meeting with short plays, lectures or recitals. The principal event of their year was a banquet given at the home of Miss Hertha Stein, on Florida Drive, at which everyone present had a lovely time. Miss Beatrice Bentz acted as toastmistress.

The *Friendship Club* girls kept things humming all year with parties, picnics and banquets of all sorts which are too numerous to mention in detail.

The *Hi-Y Club* is one of our youngest and yet most prominent clubs. Its purpose is to get the upperclassmen together and to teach them public speaking. Thruout the year they met every week at the Y. M. C. A., where they had supper and then a meeting.

The *Platonian Literary Society* has recently reorganized. Their meetings are held like the U. S. Senate: They discuss current problems pro and con. Their greatest social event was a banquet held on May 20 at the Y. M. C. A. It was an extraordinary affair and was enjoyed immensely by everyone present.

The *Mathematics Club* has had a very successful year. At each meeting the members were entertained with a talk on Mathematics of some sort and then they had contests and mathematical wrinkles. Light refreshments followed these, leaving a pleasant memory.

Another new organization is the *Dramatic Club*. The High School has long felt the need of such a club and everyone greatly enjoyed the productions they put on this year and we look forward to greater things in the future.

DRAMATICS

Debating

(Prof. Benjamin R. Null)

The extra-school debating activities for this year began with a debate at Muncie. The subject of this discussion was, the benefit of organized labor to the general public. Fort Wayne, arguing that organized labor is of no benefit to the general public, won a unanimous decision of the judges. The second event was the district contest of the State High School Discussion League. Fort Wayne was represented by Walter Helmke who, by winning first place, became the representative of the Twelfth District to the state contest held at Bloomington. In this contest Helmke was one of the distinguishd six who spoke in the finals. On June 4 another debate between Muncie and Fort Wayne is to be held at Fort Wayne, but it is impossible now to announce the winners. We are absolutely safe, however, in saying that Fort Wayne will win—if Muncie doesn't.

The CALDRON ANNUAL

Dramatics Club Officials

John Crane.....President
Mary Eunice Eaton.....Vice-President
Mildred Fruechte.....Secretary-Traesurer
Miss Marjorie Suter.....Coach

"Student Players"

At the beginning of the semester last fall, a meeting in charge of Mrs. Lane, Mr. Nul,, Mr. Ward and Miss Suter was held for all Juniors and Seniors who were interested in dramatics. The cast for the play given in December was selected by try-out from those who signed up. The cast for "Spreading the News" included Vesta Knight, Leroy Dunfee, Don Beck, John Crane, Bud Vardaman, Walter Paulison, Bertram Welbaum, Abe Latker, Hazel Brucks and Mildred Fruechte. The play was presented before the school and was very well received.

Those who took part in the play presented this semester were again selected by try-out. "'Op 'O My Thumb" was a brilliant success. The cast included five girls, Mary Eunice Eaton, Marjorie King, Leola Streider, Beatrice Gerard, Alice McKeehan and one boy, Francis Morse.

During the second semester it was decided that the dramatics club should be made a closed or honorary organization and admit only Juniors and Seniors by try-outs or those showing ability in stage crafts that will be utilized by the players. This ability can be displayed by costuming, coaching, playwriting or managing as well as by acting. The charter members are those who took part and assisted in the two plays given this year. At the first meeting held "Student Players" was selected as the name for the club, whose purpose is to promote interest in dramatics.

The officers are:

Coach ..... Marjorie Suter
President ..... John Crane
Vice-President ..... Mary Eunice Eaton
Secretary-Treasurer... Mildred Fruechte

The Cast of
"Joint Owners of Spain" and "Where But In America"

The Cast of
"Op 'O My Thumb" and "Spreading the News"

Top row (left to right—Bud Vardaman, Bertram Welbaum, Francis Morse, Walter Paulison, John Crane, Leroy Dunfee.

Bottom row—Marjorie King, Mary Eunice Eaton, Hazel Brucks, Miss Marjorie Suter (coach), Leola Strieder, Beatrice Gerard, Alice McKeehan, Mildred Fruechte.

Several of the cast are not in this picture. They are Don Beck, Abe Latker and Vesta Knight.

The Spotlight Vaudeville

(Margaret Simminger, '20)

A certain stranger, tired of the usual run of amusements in Fort Wayne, followed the crowd into the high school auditorium of that city on March 12th. He did not know whether he was going to hear a lecture or see a circus, but after the first act he looked around to find some sign of "Keith Circuit." And during one of the acts which followed, he wondered why he had been so stupid as to have overlooked the advertisements of some grand opera's being in the city. He was unaware of the fact that Fort Wayne was a center for all great operatic stars.

Let us leave this gentleman to his reverie and to find out for himself that he was seeing a vaudeville given by the pupils of the Fort Wayne High School under the auspices of the Spotlight.

For the benefit of those who were absent at the two performances and for the inefficient memory of those who did see it, the following account of the vaudeville is written.

As soon as the stage manager, Maurice Rohan, saw no more vacant seats by peeping through the one hole in the curtain he performed the necessary task of allowing the audience to gaze upon an extraordinary young gentleman who played the xylophone. The strains of this instrument sank deeply into the hearts of the listeners. He was called so many times to play again that the rest of the actors for the evening began to think they would not be given a chance to do their bit. However, everyone enjoyed Paul Hahn's musical selections and the quaint recitation by his sister, Martha Hahn.

Now the scenes were shifted by dropping the curtain. Immediately all the pupils present wished that black and red were their class colors when two black-faced comedians outlined themselves against the scarlet hue of the curtain. Nevertheless they satisfied the people before them with jokes they never heard before.

Third on the program came Mr. Robert Pollak and Mr. Phillip Porterfield. Musical hits both by the piano and voice were their diversions. Their songs ran all the way from Calhoun Street, Miss Sahara, to Mr. Ward ('suffice).

No human voice, not even the costume, could surpass Porterfield's imitation of Faust. He acted Faust from the magnanimity of his lungs to the plume of his hat. The only thing lacking was that Pollak should have played the part of Mephistopheles.

Inasmuch as Ralph Sunday, by some songs of his own composition, brought the afternoon's audience into tears, and as the day was a rainy one, it was impossible for him to appear again in the evening.

People are always interested in the problem of the H. C. L. and therefore listened attentively to and watched Abe Latker and Harold Sheyer demonstrate how food could be procured from a garbage can and money from the moon.

After so many educational features in one evening the mind of even the profoundest person needs some sort of easily digested entertainment or he will otherwise fall asleep. Dorothy Wispert kept the audience from doing such a stunt by dancing very daintily and dashingly.

Some remarks by Paul Bachelor and Kenneth Crill about the weather, and whether it was as cold in the country as in the summer, brought a really splendid vaudeville to a close. But before anyone left the building, Franklin's jazz orchestra delighted those who did not, as well as those who did dance in the hall.

THE CAST OF
"GREEN STOCKINGS"
SENIOR PLAY
HELEN MIKESELL
PHILIP PORTERFIELD
MAURICE ROHAN
MALCOLM CRIGHTON
WILLIAM WHITE
IRENE GILES
MARTHA IRMSCHER
ALGENE MILES
LUCILLE FRANKE
MARGARET ANN KEEGAN
RICHARD BLITZ
RICHARD KNOX
BUSINESS STAFF
MANUEL KING
WALTER HELMKE
EDWIN THOMAS
DOROTHY SIMPSON

"Green Stockings"

Early last fall the Senior Play committee, consisting of Edwin Thomas, Thomas, Phillip Porterfield, Martha Irmscher and Lucille Franke, selected "Green Stockings" as the 1920 class play. "Green Stockings" was new, delightful, clever, thrilling, gripping, ravishing, refreshing and a great number of other adjectives. Rehearsals for the play began many weeks before the presentation, with the result that "Green Stockings" was the best Senior play ever staged. The play was under the direction of Miss Marjorie Cooke Porterfield, who studied dramatics under Professor L. R. Laughton of Milwaukee, Downer College, and later completed her course at Northwestern University.

The plot of "Green Stockings" was exceedingly "different" and clever. The scene is laid in the country home of Mr. William Faraday and his four daughters. In England there is an old country custom which requires an elder sister to wear green stockings at the wedding of her younger sister, if that younger sister has captured a husband first. Miss Celia Faraday is one of those eldest daughters who is expected to do everything. Since Celia's father is a widower, the care of the house and servants is left to her and, having no time for enjoyment, she is gradually considered an old maid. Celia has worn green stockings at the weddings of two of her sisters, and when the youngest of them all, Miss Phyllis, announces her engagement, Celia becomes desperate. She announces *her* engagement to an imaginary colonel in Somaliland. Suddenly her world changes. Everyone respects her and waits on her. She becomes the gay, popular girl of the Faraday household. She is transformed from a moth into a beautiful butterfly.

But Mrs. Chisholm Faraday, or Aunt Ida, discovers that there is really no "Colonel Smith." But being a "good sport" she assists rather than discloses Celia's plan. They send the notice of his death to the London Times and all seems well.

However, a real Colonel Smith in Somaliland receives one of Celia's love letters mailed by accident. Naturally he is dumfounded. And later, when, on a furlough, he reads his own death notice, he decides to call on this Miss Faraday. This he does, under an assumed name. Celia soon guesses his identity and the complications which make the play thoroughly enjoyable then arise. Everything turns out luckily, however, for Celia decides to stay with Colonel Smith, who has been waiting for her "for twenty years," rather than travel to Chicago with Aunt Ida.

The part of "Celia" was charmingly taken by Helen Mikesell, who made a darling, lovable and business-like eldest sister. The conclusion at which one arrived after seeing Miss Mikesell portray the character of "Celia," was that she was a real actress, with none of the air of the amateur. Phillip Porterfield was handsome, dashing young "Colonel Smith," the hero of "Green Stockings.' Malcolm Crighton was hardly recognizable as "Mr. William Faraday," father of four pretty girls. "Mr. Faraday was an irritable, quick-tempered old personage, whose favorite ejaculation was "God bless my soul." "Aunt Ida," and independent, erascable sister-in-law, was Margaret Ann Keegan, who, indeed, carried out the part of the fussy old woman, and yet lost none of the necessary aristocratic mien. The characters, "Lady Trenchard" and "Mrs. Rockingham" were admirably portrayed by Martha Irmscher and Irene Giles. "Phyllis Faraday," the charming, selfish "baby" sister,

(Continued on page 172)

Your Page

We suppose that after you've looked through this book, you will begin to enumerate the various things we have omitted. So we have left this page vacant that you may write them down and thus make this book perfect.

To the Seniors we suggest that they write here how they enjoyed the Senior Frolic and Commencement Dance.

ORGANIZATIONS.

Friendship Club Officers

Dorothy Simpson.....President
Hertha Stein.....Vice-President
Helen Wooding.....Secretary
Velma Crawford.....Treasurer
Arletta Schmuck.....Assistant Treasurer
Katherine Willson.....
.....Chairman Membership Committee
Ruthmary Burroughs.....
.....Chairman Social Committee
Margaret Simminger.....
.....Chairman Service Committee

The Friendship Club

ITS PAST, ITS PRESENT, AND ITS FUTURE

(Alice E. McKeehan)

The Friendship Club was organized in the fall of 1916 under the leadership of Miss Wingert and Miss Harrah, with a three-fold purpose in view:

1—To create a friendly spirit among High School girls.

2—To encourage habits of helpfulness.

3—To develop growth in Christian character.

The club has been ever more of a success than was anticipated. In the four short years of its life it has made itself not only the largest and most active organization in the school, and one of the biggest factors in the Y. W. C. A., but also the largest organization in the central field—the Friendship Club is one of hundreds of such clubs.

In 1916-17 it did many things which brought it to the attention of outsiders. Among them were the Christmas party for poor children, the first "Faculty Tea," a "Parent Party" and a May Day Breakfast. By the middle of the year the club had become so large and had enlarged its activities to such an extent that the services of two more advisors were necessary. Accordingly, Miss McKinnie and Miss Gardner joined our ranks. Towards the last of the year a fifth advisor came to us—Miss Gwinn, the first Girls' Work Secretary at the local Y. W. C. A. At the close of the school year the club sent about 20 girls, chaperoned by Miss Wingert, Miss Gwinn, Miss Harrah, and Miss Cole, to a conference for Indiana High School Club Girls at Clear Lake. Here the girls received many new ideas and prepared themselves for the club work of the next year.

The term 1917-18 found the Friendship Club in the throes of war work. Knitting, sewing and making scrap books kept the girls almost too busy for intensive club work, but they found time and the meetings were just as interesting if not quite so elaborate as those of the preceding year. However we lived up to our precedents and had our usual Christmas Party, Parent Party and Faculty Tea. A novel and helpful part of that year was the "honor system" conducted by Miss Nelson. The girls worked through the year for credits in Red Cross work, reading of good books, school grades and health credits. Club monograms were awarded at the end of the year. In June, 1918, the club sent eight girls to the Central Field School Girls' Conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. At Geneva, by association with girls from many other cities and with national leaders, the girls once more received the inspiration necessary for the following club year.

In 1918-19 the club, in spite of adverse conditions caused by the "flu," continued its onward march. Miss Baughman was added to our advisors and Miss Prickett succeeded Miss Gwinn as Girls' Work Secretary. Once more we lived up to our tradition—and still we grew.

Then comes the season of 1919-20—the climax of them all. This year's programs have been snappier and more interesting, the parties peppier, our service work more genuine—and our membership—well, 275 is a mighty good record, you must admit. Foremost among our splendid programs was the "Style Show." Ralph Tinkham's floral shop furnished the decorations and fixed up the

auditorium stage until it was almost unrecognizable. Wolf and Dessauer's and Steele-Myers furnished the coats, dresses, middies and skirts, and the Grey Hat Shop furnished the hats. The clothes were all pretty, yet sensible school cloths. The club feels that its style show did a great deal towards inaugurating more sensible dress in the school. The credit for the success of the event is due to Miss Wingert and her program committee who engineered the feat.

The social committee did itself proud at all the parties, but the one at which the club entertained the Hi-Y boys was—well, a howling success. Never did the old Y. W. know such shouts of joy and fun as ensued while the "children" frolicked in the gym and the various class rooms. We all conceded Miss McKinnie's ability as a social committee advisor, for it was she who with her committee planned this and all the other parties of the year.

The service committee supervised and planned the Christmas party and made scrap books. They also had charge of one program. This program was given the day the scrap books were turned in and consisted of pantomined advertisements, such as Campbell's soups and Jello. Miss Baughman is the advisor who led the service committee through in triumph.

The membership committee is in charge of Miss Gardner. It is sufficient praise to her and her committee to say that never before has the membership been so large. The publicity work of the club is also a part of the membership committee.

We have given all the advisors "theirs" with the exception of Miss Harrah. It would be hard to detail her duties and activities. Miss Harrah is cabinet supervisor. We don't know what we would do without her.

The whole faculty has always been splendid in its support of the Friendship Club, but Miss Curtiss deserves special mention. In February when the new Freshmen arrived the Friendship Club girls were on the ground to show them over the building, to help them get their programs, and to assist them in all the trials of first day in High School. After they were released from Room 1 they were invited to the cooking room, where Miss Curtiss furnished and served delightful refreshments.

Now another year has passed into history. It has been a glorious past and we begin to dream of the future. Yesterday that forbidding curtain, Time, raised for a few moments and I found myself standing before a beautiful building. It was the Fort Wayne High School of the future. I entered and mounted to the fourth floor. I glanced around until my eye fell upon a door labeled "Friendship Club." I pushed it open quietly and walked in unobserved. It was a large room but it was filled to capacity. A pleasant but earnest little girl was conducting the meeting. It was a discussion concerning the school and every member seemed to be eager to take part in the meeting. The discussion was interesting but I felt my time was short, so I glanced around. The sunlight streamed in the daintily curtained windows. The soft-tinted walls were covered with pictures of hikes, camps, and groups of club girls. A glance at the calendar showed that it was June, 1930. Once more I turned my attention to the girls. Their faces were all strange, yet I saw in each a look which tokened pure friendship. Even the older women, evidently faculty advisors, were strange, but over all rested a familiar spirit that made me feel at home. But the president had closed the discussion and was making an announcement. She said, "We now

(Continued on page 172)

Sorosis Officials

September-February Term

Beatrice Bentz ..... President
Dorothy Corey ..... Vice-President
Dolly Gest ..... Secretary
Margaret Ann Keegan ..... Treasurer
Kathryn Lose .....
..... Chairman Executive Committee

February-June Term

Margaret Ann Keegan ..... President
Arletta Schmuck ..... Vice-President
Dolly Gest ..... Secretary
Beatrice Gerard ..... Treasurer
Helen Wooding .....
..... Chairman Executive Committee
Miss Williams ..... Faculty Advisor

Sorosis

(Arletta Schmuck, '21)

The Sorosis Literary Society of the Fort Wayne High School has added an especially successful year to the annals of its history. It was necessary this year to increase the membership of the club to meet the desires of many applicants for membership. A glimpse into the activities of the organization will explain its popularity.

Throughout the year the officers have planned meetings which were very interesting as well as instructive. Musical numbers, extemporaneous speaking, discussion of current topics, debates, and plays, were a few of the many modes of entertainment. Every program was appropriate: In the fall, one program was "Improve Your Speech." At Thanksgiving, there was a real thanksgiving program, with Priscilla presiding. In February there was the patriotic program of stories, oration, and songs. A March program was Irish, with folk lore and the reading of Lady Gregory's play, "The Rising of the Moon."

The memorable social event of the year was the Sorosis Banquet which was held on January 28, at the home of Hertha Stein.

The Glee Club, which originated in the Sorosis, is but another example of the enthusiasm and originality of the members of this club. The year was closed with a picnic on June 3. All the members enjoyed this happy event.

This society has brought to its members a greater amount of self-reliance and expression. Executive ability, dramatic talent, and poetic instincts, which might never have been discovered, have, thru the efforts of this organization, been fostered. But this is not all that our club represents. The Sorosis stands for a less monotonous and more pleasing high school career; for a better equipped graduate; and lastly, for co-operation and democracy. We hope and believe that this society has been a real help to the Fort Wayne High School, as well as to its members. It is only the wish of the present members that their organization may succeed in the next years as it has in this last. To Miss Williams, our faculty advisor, we have many thanks for our success.

The members of the society are: Beatrice Bentz, Dorothy Cory, Margaret Ann Keegan, Arletta Schmuck, Katherine Lose, Dolly Gest, Helen Wooding, Beatrice Gerard, Mary Eunice Eaton, Katherine Jackson, Bonita Christopher, Hertha Stein, Dorothy Simpson, Marjorie King, Evelyn Ross, Katherine Beierlein, Dorothy Johnson, Anita Ackerman, Goldie Tarletz, Fannie Salon, DeLamere Titsworth, Marian Guild, Charlotte Auger, Lucille Franke, Martha More, Dorothy Mitchell, Alice Rowley, Ruth Baum, Georgiana McClure, Esther Zahrt, Carol Horman, Mary Voorhees, Wilma Cole, Ruby Kinerk, Miriam Clapham, Ruth Tucker, Ruth Price, June Christman, Mariam Longsworth, Mary McKinney, Margaret Simminger, Senora Rieke, Helen Deister, Ruthmary Burroughs, Bessie Salon, Cornelia Morgan, Esther Kruse, Ruth Kruse, Julia Calhoun, Elizabeth Etheridge, Dorothy Garmire, Ruth Wagner, Ione Breeden, Juliette Grosvenor, Grace Lygar, Helen Porter, Mary Catherine Geake.

Mathematics Club

(L. K., '20)

The Mathematics Club, more commonly known as the Math Club, was organized in 1914 and is one of the newest, but nevertheless one of the most successful clubs of our school. The four officers, president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, are elected as usual in any society. Besides these officers, two committees are appointed, made up of two students and one teacher each. They are called Entertainment Committee and Program Committee. Both are largely responsible and it is they whom we must thank for the good times we have at every monthly meeting. All officers serve one semester but may be re-elected. Two of the faculty who have had a great deal to do with the unusual success of the club are Mr. Croninger and Mr. Werremeyer. Before this year only juniors and seniors were eligible to join the club; now 10A's may belong. Dues are 25 cents per semester.

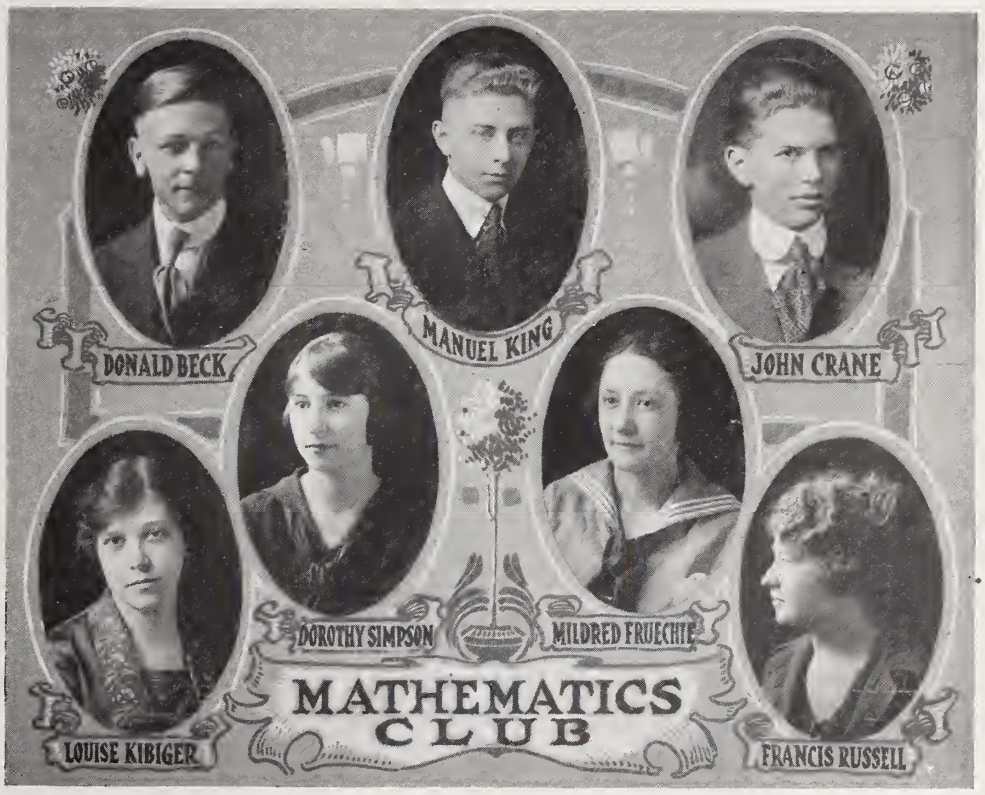
The Math Club has a real purpose, a three-fold purpose. First, to give to the members some knowledge of mathematics and relative subjects, to bring to them some things not taught in the class room; second, to make the students and faculty better acquainted with each other; third, to elevate the social interests of high school boys and girls. Ask any member of the Math Club—"how about it?" and he or she will say, "I'll say the Math Cub has succeeded in carrying out its three-fold purpose." Here is a brief, general outline of a monthly meeting just to show how the educational and social parts combine to make one evening's entertainment.

1. Roll call.
2. Business transacted.
3. Talk (usually by some member of the faculty).
4. Mathematical wrinkles and puzzles.
5. Contests and games (the contests are usually of a mathematical nature).
6. Eats—(last but not least).

Every year the Math Club gives a picnic at one of the parks in the city and the members "just can't wait 'til picknick day." Last June the club gave a reception in the library of our school for the "departing" seniors who are members of the club. This was something new and was a booming success, and was repeated this year.

1919-1920

This year the Math Club started out September, 1919, under the leadership of Don Beck. By February we had eighty members. Then Manuel King was elected president and the good work went on as before. During the year we have had extremely interesting meetings. At one meeting Mr. Reising gave us a talk on "The Corolation of English With Mathematics." In this interesting and amusing address he gave us "the fool of all fools' geometrical explanation of the Courtship of Miles Standish," and he did it by drawing a triangle—the eternal triangle—you know. Another talk of this term was on "Money" by Mr. Harris. He told us how to detect counterfeit money and how it was made, but warned us not to try making and passing it because——. Miss Paxton entertained us by



Mathematics Club Officers

September-February Term		February-June Term	
Donald Beck	President	Manuel King	President
Dorothy Simpson	Vice-President	Mildred Fruechte	Vice-President
Louise Kibiger	Secretary	Frances Russell	Secretary
John Crane	Treasurer	John Crane	Treasurer

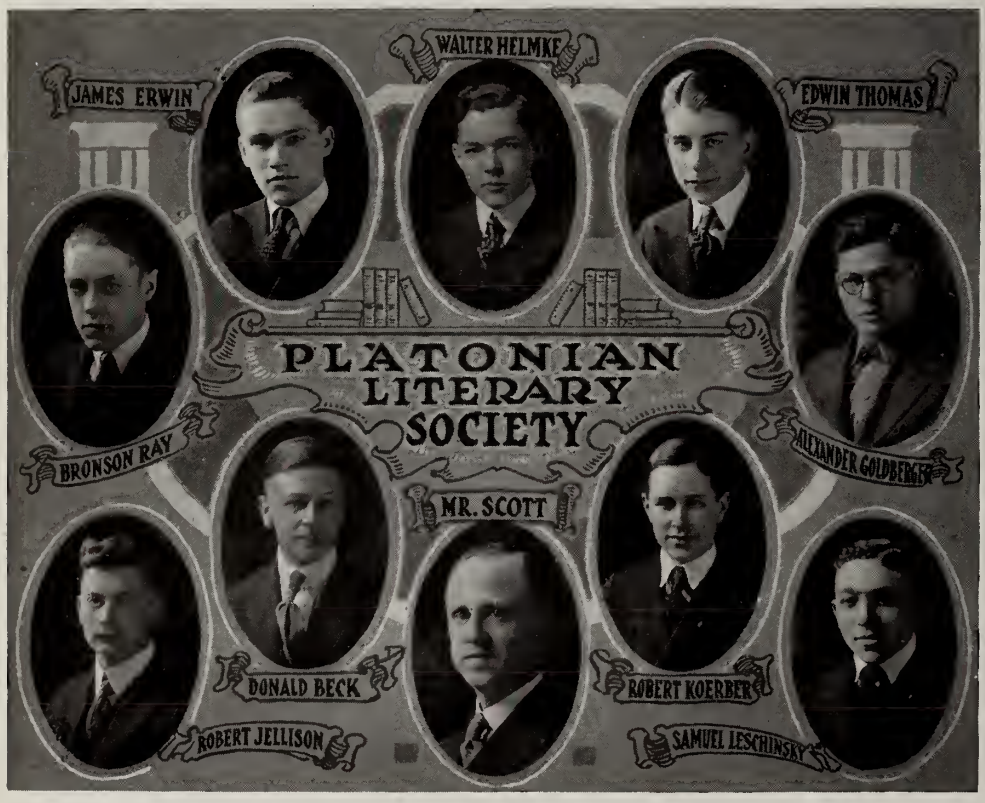
---

a reading, "Alice in the Wonderland of Mathematics." Not less interesting than these were talks by other teachers and students.

We have had games and contests of every variety and of course we always enjoy the "eats."

And so we come to the end of another successful year—successful as never before. Congratulations to all the officers and members for this wonderful work. Your efforts were repaid by your success. All is certainly appreciated. Math Club may you have a still more profitable year in the new term!

The Caldron Annual



Platonian Officials

September-February Term

James Erwin ..... President
Edwin Thomas ..... Vice-President
Robert Jellison ..... Secretary
Alexander Goldberger ..... Treasurer
Samuel Leschinsky .....
..... Chairman Executive Committee

February-June Term

Walter Helmke ..... President
Donald Beck ..... Vice-President
Bronson Ray ..... Secretary
Robert Koerber ..... Treasurer
Mr. Scott ..... Faculty Advisor

The Platonian Literary Society

For the first time in the history of the Platonian Literary Society, disruption threatened. At the beginning of school last September, it soon became evident that we could not hold meetings at the close of the last period, since school was not dismissed until four o'clock. Everyone realized that meetings would have to be held in the evenings if we wished to give a suitable amount of time to our discussions. Since the Y. M. C. A. did not open until December, those months preceding the opening were the darkest in our history. One by one the older and more indifferent members deserted us. The meetings became such undisciplined scenes of disorder that even Mr. Null gave up all hopes. Between the loud and vociferous speaking of Senator Leschinsky and Senator Goldberger, those members who were really trying to speak, were helpless.

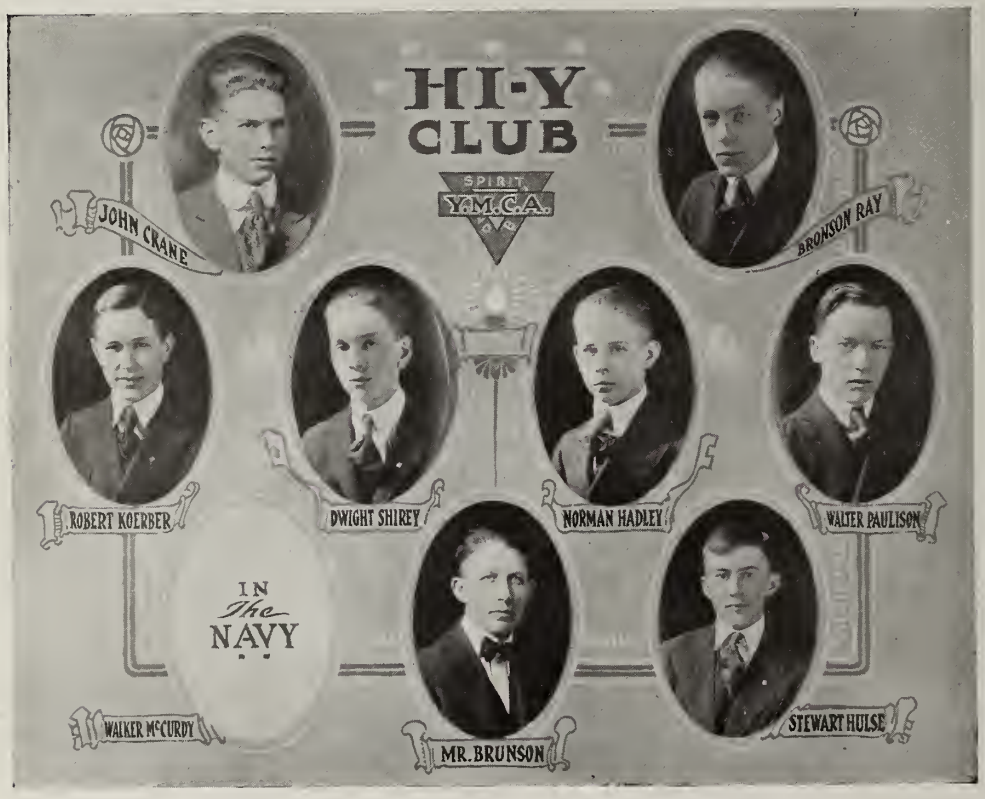
The meetings resembled a free-for-all fight more than an august meeting of a body of Senators, and the only phrase of Parliamentary Law that anyone seemed to know was "Mr. Chairman."

But enough of those sad memories. As soon as the "Y" opened we held our meetings there, immediately after the Hi-Y meeting. By holding our meetings at night we also had Mr. Kinney, '17, to help us on the fine points. All due credit must be given to Mr. Kinney, who is one of the greatest factors in our being existent today. It was because of Mr. Kinney that we sent six representatives to Auburn with Mr. Helmke, our president, on the event of the district contest.

Altho we held no banquet last term the one this year fully made up for it.

Mr. Scott, our new faculty advisor, has worked hard for the rejuvenated society, and the same is true of all the officers. Whether a lucky combination was made or not, we seem to have an excellent co-operative set of officers.

Several of our best members will not be with us next year, by reason of their graduation, but we do not fear the future. Material can be found in the classes which can be made into worthy successors of our graduates. Whatever befalls us next year, we are certain we shall pull thru, for the society is once more reunited and rejuvenated.



Hi-Y Club Officers

September-February Term

Bronson Ray ..... President
Robert Koerber ..... Vice-President
Dwight Shirey ..... Secretary
Walker McCurdy ..... Treasurer

February-June Term

John Crane ..... President
Norman Hadley ..... Vice-President
Walter Paulison ..... Secretary
Stewart Hulse ..... Treasurer
Mr. Brunson ..... Boys' Secretary, Y. M. C. A.

The Hi-Y Club

(Walter Paulison)

The Hi-Y Club is one of the best known organizations in the school. Such a fact will be appreciated more when it is realized that the club is the youngest organization of importance in the school, being organized last October. The club gained the support of the faculty from the very start and it is due to this fact that it has been favored with such success. We have grown rapidly and become popular, so much that the student body in general is probably ignorant of the fact that we are a unit of a great national organization, an organization that exists wherever High Schools and Y. M. C. A.'s are in conjunction.

The movement that has resulted in this nation-wide organization of High School Clubs started only a few years ago. In the beginning these groups of High School boys were called "High School Discussion Clubs." But in 1912 the name Hi-Y was suggested and it seemed so appropriate that it has stuck to the movement as a nickname. The significance of the name is in the fact that the club is a combination of the High School and the Y. M. C. A. forces for the general benefit of all concerned. The club has adopted as its slogan, or aim, the following lines: To create and maintain throughout the school and the community highest standards of Christian character. There are over 500 Hi-Y clubs in the United States alone, with a membership of nearly 25,000 composed entirely of High School students who have attained the second year in High School. The organization is not limited, however, to the United States alone, as we have heard of Hi-Y clubs in Canada, Mexico, Japan, China, and Siberia.

In view of these facts it was only natural and fitting that, as soon as the Y. M. C. A. was nearing completion, a movement should be set afoot to organize a local unit of this organization. The first move therefore was by Mr. Brunson, Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Brunson has served us in a most faithful manner; he is entitled to the whole-hearted thanks of the club. Mr. Brunson called at the High School last October and gained the support of Mr. Croninger, who has served us as faculty advisor. Mr. Croninger is another of those men to whom the club is indebted for their loyal and never ending work for its betterment. Through the efforts of these two men a meeting of a few students of the High School was held and from these students the officers for the school term were elected. Bronson Ray was elected President; Robert Koerber, Vice President; Dwight Shirey, Secretary; and Walker McCurdy, Treasurer. These students were the first officers of the club and it was largely through their efforts that such a following amongst the boys of the school was obtained. With the election of officers the club, although in its infancy, was at least a reality. The fellows set to work with a zest that spoke volumes for the success of the venture. Committees were formed and instructed and all of the many details which go towards launching an organization were completed. As soon as everybody got to working together it did not take long to begin the actual work of enrolling members. The work of the committee on publicity soon began to be felt, placards and posters soon began to appear in the halls and students everywhere were inquiring for details. The first meeting, which was to be held Wednesday, December 17th, was then announced. As the date for

the meeting approached the leaders became anxious—would their venture succeed? That evening at six o'clock all doubts immediately passed away. One hundred and ten students packed the banquet room. An excellent program had been arranged for the occasion. Following the banquet a number of talks were given. Among the notable gentlemen obtained for the occasion was our own Mr. Ward, who voiced the hope that the club might in some manner improve the actions of a number of his more or less hopeless cases. Out of the hundred and ten present, ninety-nine signified their intention of becoming affiliated with the club by signing the constitution. Since then the club has held its meetings every Thursday evening at six o'clock. The meeting begins with a supper which is usually followed by a musical program. After the business, that has accumulated during the week, has been disposed of, the main part of the program (supper excepted) is begun. It is here that Mr. Croninger reigns supreme. He is on deck at every meeting and the manner in which he conducts the discussions is clever indeed. He never allows the discussion to get beyond his control and is always ready to settle a controversy. Some idea of the good these discussions will be to a student can be fully realized when it is seen that such subjects as the following are discussed: "The Relation of High School to Life," "Customs and Habits," "School Spirit," and the "Value of Ideals." Every member is permitted to express his views on the subject and there are no signs of bashfulness evident among Hi-Y members when it comes to talking. Although the time is usually limited, very often twenty or more are given an opportunity to express their views.

Fully realizing that even the best of programs will become monotonous, we have entered actively into social functions. A committee was appointed to plan a number of social affairs and it was through it that the first social of the club was held on January 22nd, 1920, at the Y. M. C. A. Each member present was accompanied by a lady friend. Following a most sumptuous dinner, which was served in the banquet room of the "Y," the party retired to the boys' lobby, where the remainder of the evening was spent playing games and singing songs; and was climaxd by a marshmallow bake over the grate fire. A few weeks later the club was entertained by the girls of the Friendship Club at the Y. W. C. A. The fellows were treated royally and were high in their praises over the program of the evening. It was natural, therefore, that we should entertain the Friendship Club. Consequently on April 15th the girls were invited to a party at the Y. M. C. A. James Bitner, chairman of the Social Committee, planned an excellent program for the entertainment of the large crowd of one hundred and eighty girls and eighty boys who were present. The main feature of the program was a grand march which took in the entire building and gave many of the girls their first view of the interior of the Y. M. C. A. As the party passed by the swimming pool they were entertained by a number of the club's best swimmers in some fancy diving exhibitions. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and singing songs. The party was undoubtedly the finest and most successful one of the school year, and will probably be an annual affair in the future. A fitting ending for such a successful year was the entertainment of the varsity men of the various school teams. The evening started with a banquet followed by a number of after dinner speeches given by members of the faculty and the student body. But the event which outclassed all other functions of the year was the Father and Son banquet which was held at the Y. M. C. A. on Thursday

evening, February 19th, in the banquet room of the Y. M. C. A. Fully sixty members, accompanied by their fathers, sat down to the banquet and enjoyed an excellent program. Following is a copy of the program as it was carried out during the evening:

Dr. H. A. Ray ..... Toastmaster
Music ..... Hi-Y Orchestra
Welcome Address ..... John Crane
Father, Son & Company ..... Judge David E. Smith
Music ..... Father and Son Quartet
The Ideal Father ..... Donald Thomas
The Ideal Son ..... Mr. A. E. Thomas

We also feel justly proud for being instrumental in bringing about one of the greatest achievements and one that will live long in the history of our school. The achievement referred to is that epochal event which occurrd back in March during th visit of William Jennings Bryan to our city. It was through the efforts of the club that Mr. Bryan was brought to the High School to deliver a talk to the students. The bringing of this man who is of such great national importance to speak to the students is truly a feat to be proud of and one not to be soon forgotten.

To further the social and entertainment end of the club an orchestra has been organized known as the Hi-Y orchestra, and is under the direction of Walter Moellering. The orchestra consists, at the present time, of fifteen pieces and has become very popular, rendering musical numbers on many occasions, much to the delight of its audiences.

On January 29th officers were elected to serve for the following semester. At this time the plan of rotation of officers was adopted, which prohibited any member from serving as officer more than once. Due to this fact all new officers were elected and were as follows: President, John Crane; Vice President, Norman Hadly; Treasurer, Stewart Hulse; and Secretary, Walter Paulison. Our President, John Crane, is a student of unusual executive ability and one of the hardest workers in the club. We are indebted to him for much of our success, as he appointed his committeemen with the best of judgment and working largely through them has done wonders towards building up our present membership.

Although we feel that we can be justly proud of our first year of existence, we are not going to rest on our laurels in the future. Plans are already started on next year's work. An extensive membership campaign will start the ball rolling. We, of course, will conduct practically the same order of meetings as in the past, but will constantly strive for advancement.

Congratulations are due the Hi-Y Club for such a wonderful and profitable year. To the seniors who have begun their furlough is extended the most sincere appreciation of their efforts in our activities. We extend a glad hand of welcome to the freshmen who will next year be eligible, and guarantee them a membership in the largest and finest club in the school. On the old members, who will be with us next year, will depend largely our success. It is through them that we will be advertised; it is on them that our foundation will be built, so we ask everybody to be back on the job and strive to make next year a more successful year than the one just closing.

PARDON ME, MY DEAR SIR, ISN'T THIS THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING ?
SEPTEMBER 8, 1919
NOVEMBER 25, 1919
MARCH 23, 1920
WHATSA MATTER WID HIM, JERRY?
DUNNO, WHEN I PICKED HIM UP HE SAID SOMETHIN' 'BOUT FORT WAYNE
PIECES OF EIGHT !
OFFICE
CONVOY
MARCH 14, 1920
JUNE 1920
NOVEMBER 21, 1919
SEPTEMBER 9, 1919
E.M. GUNDER

"Looking Backward"

SEPTEMBER

8. School opens. Oh joy (?)
9. "I want my program changed."
10. "C'mon, skip. They're not takin' the roll yet."
23. Friendship Club hike.
    Sophomore election.
25. First Sorosis meeting.
29. Fair sex organize for basket ball.

OCTOBER

2. Platonian election.
6. F. W. H. S. A. A. elects officers.
9. Sorosis meeting. Several literary songs and dances rendered.
14. Math. Dept. quizz on supervised study.
16. Platonians meet. Several members gassed.
17. Decatur, 13; F. W. H. S., 13.
20. Senior Vergil class holds banquet.
21. Dramatics Club organized.
23. Dr. House tells us why we flunk on tests.
24. Friendship Club gives Hallowe'en party.
28. Decatur held to a tie.
    Whoopee-ee-ee-ee.
29. (Wed.) Teachers gone to conference. H-O-O-R-A-Y.
30. (Thurs.) Still happy.
31. (Fri.) "Gee but it's nice to lie in bed."

NOVEMBER

1. (Sat.) Ho—Hum.
2. (Sun.) The fatal day approaches.
3. (Mon.) It's here; today's Monday.
   xx??!!!??xx
   School starts again.
5. First issue of large size Spotlight.
6. "Do your ears ring? That's Phil Porterfield singing for O. Harold.
10. Short socks appear in our midst.
16. Socks still being worn.
18. Style (?) show by Friendship Club.
20. Sorosis meeting.
21. Convoy overwhelmed 44-00.
24. "Hello, Mr. Mallot. Call again."
25. C. C. H. S. held to a scoreless tie.
26. Study memorial unveiled.
28. South Whitley, 24; F. W. H. S., 28.

DECEMBER

4. "Y" opened to inspection.
5. Auburn hands us one 17-16.
9. Spanish Club elects officers.
12. Campfire vaudeville.
    Kendallville, 24; F. W. H. S., 13.
13. St. Paul's vamp the F. W. H. S. Juniors.
14. Pollak gives a recital.
15. Compulsory essay contest (censored).
16. Decatur, 20; F. W. H. S., 14.
17. First Hi-Y banquet.
18. Senior class party.
19. School closes because of coal shortage. [Booo Hooooo (?)]
    Bluffton, 12; F. W. H. S., 18.
20. Meeting of Dramatics Club.

JANUARY

7. First Latin paper issued.
8. Second Hi-Y meeting.
9. Platonians hold a gobfest.
21. Greely resigns as basket ball coach.
23. Geneva, 17; F. W. H. S., 40.
24. Girls lose to Kendallville.

28. Half-week vacation. "Oh! Boy!" Mildred Fruechte wins speaking contest.
29. Friendship Club banquets.

FEBRUARY

2. Rent St, Paul's for basket ball season.
3. F.W. H. S. Jrs. vamp the St. Paul Vamps.
4. Hi-Y elects officers.
5. Senior play announced to be "Green Stockings."
6. Decatur, 24; F. W. H. S., 25. O!H! B!O!Y!
10. Canvassing for Annual begins.
12. Platonians rejuvenated.
16. High school orchestra organized.
19. Cast announced for "Spreading the News."
20. Caldron staff announced.
25. Another essay contest. (——— it.)
26. Platonian election.

MARCH

2. Faculty tea.
5. Rock Creek and Roanoke fall before us in tournament. .
6. Lose final to Huntington.
9. Chalk talk by Mr. Crane.
12. Defeat Muncie debators.
13. "Y" conference at Chicago.
14. Spotlight vaudeville.
15. Mr. Vorhees' class holds a chewing gum party.
19. Spotlight reorganized.
24. "'Op O' My Thumb" is a grand success.

APRIL

1. Is this your birthday?
2. Student Players elect officers.
5. "Gift to France" day.
6. Season baseball tickets appear.
8. Platonians launch their usual gas barrage.
9. Win district debating contest. "'Op O' My Thumb" repeated.
12. Bachelor of Arts campaign starts. Everybody's broke.
13. Hi-Y entertains Friendship Club.
19. Junior Hi-Y organized.
21. Prof. Judd addresses teachers.
22. Helmke makes fourth place in the state discussion contest. Fort Wayne, 16; Decatur, 5. *Overalls appear.*
23. Math. Club meeting.
30. Senior Play.

MAY

1. Senior Play—Whopee.
4. Fish must be biting—200 students absent.
15. Robbing a person for the Annual.
20. Plat. banquet.
25. Ah—that balmy weather.
28. Getting restless.

JUNE

1. Counting the days.
11. Final edition of Spotlight.
16. The Day of Days.
17. The '20's join the ranks of the Alumni.

SOME KIDS, TRYN' TO PULL THE POCKET BOOK TRICK, I'LL WAIT 'N SEE WHO'LL BE THE FIRST TO BITE
POCKETBOOK
APRIL 1, 1920
(OY-Y YOY-YOY HE'S FALLIN' FER IT BARNUM WAS RIGHT
O-N-E — T-W-O-O TH-R-E-E — ETC-ETC
FLOP
HULLO
FEBRUARY 31, 1864
MARCH 9, 1920
PRETZELS AND BRASS RAILS SHOULD BE ABOLISHED BECAUSE THEY ARE SO SUGGESTIVE-ETC.
SOAP
MARCH 24, 1920
HELP THE BLIND
NOVEMBER 10, 1920
JANUARY 22, 1920
PAGE 150
MARCH 16, 1920
GANGWAY!
THE'RE GAININ' ON US
APRIL 9, 1920
DON'T LEAVE ME EDIE, I'M BROKE
25¢
TWO BITS
A MEASELY LITTLE QUARTER
E. H. GUNDER '21

OUR CHAMPION TEAM
POSSELL IN ACTION
MILLION DOLLAR BATTERY

ATHLETICS

Our New School Song

Words by Marion Murray—1920
Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland"

Let all ye people raise the cry,
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!
And to all knockers say "Goodbye,"
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!
Let every scoffer now be gone,
His comrades too must march along,
Till everyone shall sing this song,
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!

We'll fill the grandstand every seat,
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!
To see our foe face swift defeat,
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!
Victorious always be our men,
Whose strength is as the strength of ten,
Who thwart the foe, and score and win
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!

Our work is fair, our standards true,
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!
We're doing this for love of you,
  Fort Wayne High, oh Fort Wayne High!
For you we climb up class by class,
And none can say, "They shall not pass!"
Till at the top we shout en masse,
  Fort Wayne High, old Fort Wayne High!

Mr. Croninger ..... President
Courtland Wilder ..... Vice-President
Mr. Northrup ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Although the Fort Wayne High School Athletic Association has a brief history, it is one of the strongest organizations of our school. The A. A. was organized in the Fall of 1917 through the efforts of William Mollering, '18, and "Dad" Northrop, of the faculty. Its object was and is to foster both school and class athletics.

Since its organization the teams turned out by the F. W. H. S. have been of a higher calibre and have won more games than ever before. It has been a medium for drawing larger crowds to the games and meets, and during the three years of its existence has had an average yearly membership of between three and four hundred students.

At the time of its organization basket ball, which was the only sport that had not gone into oblivion, was on a very tottering basis. The athletic association brought basket ball back to life and since then has turned out some good football, track and baseball teams.

Girl's Athletics

(Helen Wooding)

The time has whirled around again for the annual change to take place in all the world; change of government, a change of ideals, a change of officials and for us a change of class. Some will seek a higher plans of work than that of this school and we fear will contemptuously forget all about us and as usual we demand a report concerning what has gone on in the past, both from force of habit and the example set before us. When there are no paritcular officials for certain institutions, except the advisor who usually has something else to think about besides annual reports, it behooves someone to get up a past history so that those who follow can have something to kick about. Being terribly independent the girls (who would almost get to vote if they were grown up) demanded that their report be kept separate from that of the boys. The editor, altho a boy, expected as well as respected this request and the following report is the result:

Since it is hard to imagine any group of girls without sports of some kind, there is sure to be one or two prominent ones in a place like our High. An investigation was started, and a census was taken, and it was found that the sport most popular among the girls was talking, and the one most widely enjoyed by others was basket ball. Since anyone interested can investigate for himself the abiliites, possibilities and probabilities of girls in the talking line, basket ball will be the only thing dwelt upon in this "text."

On October 1st all girls who were interested in athletics met in room 1 with Miss Wingert to find out just what could be expected by the girls from the girls. The girls decided to begin practice as soon as the weather permitted and promised to begin praying immediately for winter weather, they were so eager. During this meeting we chose our general manager, Velma Crawford, and then divided into classes to choose our class captains. It certainly was a sight for sore eyes to see so many girls in each class interested in athletics.

The Athletic Association held their first meeting on October 8th, during which officers were elected and a general scrap ensued. If this "scrap" had been between girls we would have buried it so deeply that not even the boys would have been able to find it. But that was not so, for it was between boys and girls and also between two factions of boys. In other words, a house divided against itself. After a very heated discussion during which we all got hungry, we decided that the sides were too evenly matched for one to defeat the other, so we planned to adjourn and carry on during some future meeting, which has not met yet. From this we deduct that the hatchet has been buried, so we recommend this epitah, "May it ever rest in peace."

After this meeting, as soon as it was cold enough, we started our class practice with a gallop. We practiced for over a month, an indefinitely long time to us, before Miss Wingert would pick out the fifteen best players who were to try for the school team. Then it was another indefinitely long time, years (but only a month in reality) before our coach could pick a presentable team. Then the newly picked team started to Bluffton. Such hope, such fear, such anxiety, such eagerness as were expressed by the team on that first trip about that first game! And we won, 21-6! My but weren't we proud of our girls (the boys lost)! It was our game from beginning to end, altho there were class backboards and it was

Miss Wingert came to Fort Wayne with the original intention of teaching mathematics and behavior to the High School in general and to a few in particular. She soon took up basket ball coaching as a side issue and this finally displaced Math. altogether. It is not necessary to give statements concerning her ability as a coach, for everyone who is not asleep knows such prominent facts in the school. The fact that we didn't win every game this year does not mean that the standard of her coaching is depreciating, but that, with only one Varsity player from last year, she had an extraordinary hard time getting us in training. She finally did succeed, as our last games will testify. May she always thus succeed.

Helen Brueckner, Captain, held the responsible position of center on our team this year. During her freshman year she was center on her class team and immediately attracted Miss Wingert's attention by her steady playing. When Brickie was a Sophomore the Varsty was in need of a side-center and after a few try-outs, she was given the place. This year she gained the position of center because of her ability to give signals undetected by her opponents, because of the agility she displayed by getting the tap-off, because of her speedy team work and because of her accuracy. She is a '21 and next year will probably become more famous than she is at present.

hard for our forwards to make baskets under such conditions. The first basket made was ours and so was the last one. The one noticeable thing about this game was, that our centers and forwards were so much superior to Bluffton players that the ball seldom got to the Bluffton forwards, and those few times it was an accident and mistake and so our guards did their best to rectify the mistake and immediately sent it back.

After that wonderful first victory we returned to school with such pride and bravado that we gave the impression of an "Invincible Armado." And from all appearances we were, while we returned to be defeated in a game at home on January 9th by our long bitter enemy, Kendallville. This game started out very well, but it was our first game at home and we were all rather bashful (?) and shy (??). But to make a real truthful statement, we were all nervous and overconfident (that means we had the swell head, freshmen). When we went on the floor, we all felt so sorry for the little Kendallville players we didn't want to pick on them at all and so we thought we would let them have the first basket. And we did! The Kendallville forward was so quick and little that we couldn't see her half the time and when we did, it was always long distance range. (That's some compliment for Kendallville! I hope they all read it.)

When the end of the first half came, and our team looked at the score board the score was 10-7 in favor of Kendallville. We decided that something desperate must be done, but we assume that it must have shown in our eyes, for they seemed to decide the same thing. We decided we could cast all pity to the four winds and work. We worked! And they worked too! At the end of the game we found that during the second half we had each gained 10 points and the score was 20-17 in favor of Kendallville. The girls were all heartbroken and so was Miss Wingert, for it was the first game that the girls of the Fort Wayne High School had lost in years. But there were no ill feelings (we just kicked ourselves, not other people) and to prove it we "prepared a table before them in the presence of their enemies' and let them partake of food. After warming them up we sent them home happy and victorious.

Having been defeated once, we felt a great deal more humble and seemed to recognize that we were not the sovereigns of the basket ball world yet, and so we set to work to win our next game. A special car was chartered to take us and a few of our "rooters" from old F. W. H. S. down to a suburb of our magnificent city—Decatur. We were not proud as we had been the week before, and realized it took something else besides a "big" head to win a game of basket ball. By all rights of fiction we should have come from that game victorious and been victorious "ever afterwards" or until our pride became too great again. But such was not the case, for after a hard, strenuous battle we found that it seemed to be all in vain, for the Decatur girls had been victorious with the score 32-10. Our girls had never had girls, who played so roughly as the Decatur girls, as opponents. (The above statement is not a particular slam to Decatur, but was given in order to show the entire innocence and inexperience of our team.) During the first half of the game, our girls were not really sure whether they were coming or going, but felt certain that something was happening that was extraordinary. When the Decatur center and side-center would throw the ball back and forth between them, our watching players would stand still and gaze on the play in disgust because this play has never been recorded in the rule book of famous plays in basket ball and those were the only kinds that our girls were

(Continued on page 174)

Martha Clemens certainly played a good game as side-center with Brueckner. She played center on her class team for three years and so developed the ability to give signals. When she became side-center it did not take her long to learn to receive signals as well as give them, for as far as history resords, she has never missed one. Mart always fooled her guards. She waited until they became tired guarding before she threw the ball. She is tall, too; so tall in fact that she gave the impression that she was picking balls off the ceiling when she jumped for them. Mart's a Senior and leaves a place that will be hard to fill with an equal.

Velma Crawford, manager of the class teams, filled the postion of forward like the veteran that she is. She was sub-forward on the Varsity during her Freshman year and though she did not play when she was a Sophomore she played more brilliantly after her rest as Varsity man this year. She never slept at her post and had a disgusting habit (so others thought) of wearing out her guards. Her guards seldom got a chance to even feel the ball and when it came to making baskets she was there with the goods. Velma's a Junior, so we still have one more year in which to root for her as forward.

Mildred Pfeiffer held down her position as line forward as if the position was made for her. As a Sophomore she played forward on her class team and was able to shoot with such accuracy that she easily won a place on the Varsity this year. Mid seldom fumbled a ball and was amazingly fond of making baskets from the line. She was a steady player and when she once took her stand on a favorable position on the floor no person could move her until she willed it. Mid was such a good guard that a ball seldom passed her going towards center. She is a '21 and we will all be glad to welcome her back next year.

Helen Wooding was the line guard on the Varsity this year. She played on her class team during her Sophomore year. Since guards were badly needed Miss Wingert had about six guards to practice and after much hard work, Fuz was given the position as a regular member. She was a lively, faithful player, always working for the good of the team. She had lots of fight in her but seldom lost her temper, which is one of the things for which her opponents should be thankful. She made many excellent plays and was a very clever guard and since she is a member of the '21 class we have a line-guard upon which we can depend next year.

Winifred Sink was the tall, lanky guard who played during the first half of the season. This was her first year at basket ball, but she immediately made the Varsity, though she only played until February, because she graduated then. There is no question about her being a good guard, for as one forward said —"she was all arms." She resembled a Dutch windmill at times and it was impossible to throw over her head and still more impossible to see anything when she was guarding. We were afraid that one of the little Kendallville forwards might get lost in her pockets, but since none are reported missing we assume they are safe.

Janette Alberts, the guard who took Sink's place, has had a rather chequered career. She came from Hartford City, where she played side-center. When she came here Miss Wingert immediately put her on the Freshman team as forward. Jean was even sub-forward for the Varsity the first few games this year, but realizing a greater need for guards than forwards, she tried out for guard and immediately won the position for herself. Jean, instead of resembling Sink in height, was the shortest member of the team, but made up for the delinquency by being quick, precise, well-trained and determined. She is the Sophomore representative on the team and has two more years during which she will doubtless astonish the school.

Rachael Barnett is our sub-forward (but she can really play any position on the floor, if necessary). She was on the class team when a Freshman and now puts in her time training for the Varsity. She makes them all hump to keep their places. Barnett is strong, speedy and peppy and she is getting to be terribly accurate. She got to play during only one game, but she left no doubt in anyone's mind (if indeed there had been any doubt in the beginning) that she was capable of holding her place. Barnett is a Sophomore and still has two more years in which to try her steel on the field of honor.

Helen Waterfield was the sub-guard on this year's team. Waterfield has held down the position of guard on her class team with a great deal of vigor all during her high school career. She may be short (and she surely is) but that does not bother her in the least and she makes other people, particularly her forwards, forget about it as soon as she is in action. Waterfield only had one chance to show her ability, but she surely showed that one time that she was worthy of the confidence of the team. She graduates this year, but we see her go with regret, for it will be hard to find another sub so faithful as Waterfield.

Mr. Greely. Mr. Greely is a graduate of the University of Illinois. Much credit is due him for the splendid showing of the F. W. H. S. in athletics this year. This is especially true in regards to football. Mr. Greely took a hand full of fellows who had had little or no experience in that game and succeeded in building up a smooth working machine. Mr. Greely had the basket ball team fairly under way when illness forced him to resign. He came back stronger than ever this spring and with a few of last year's veterans to form a nucleus, has succeeded in building a baseball team which bids fair to capture the championship of Northern Indiana.

Mr. Murch. Mr. Murch came to our school from the army as a teacher of stenography, but nevertheless turned out to be one of the best basket ball coaches in the middle west. He took charge of the team when an attack of appendicitis forced Mr. Greely to resign. As Mr. Murch is himself an athlete and a star basket ball player, he was able to show as well as to tell the fellows how things should be done. He was successful in turning out a team which took second place in the district tournament and which, had it not been handicapped by the illness of several of its regular players, would have gone to the state meet.

A Summary of the Basket Ball Season

The F. W. H. S. has just finished one of its most successful basket ball seasons in many years. Despite several handicaps which came up at different times during the season the varsity won nine out of nineteen games. Four of the games were lost to teams which later made good showings in the state tournament at Bloomington.

After winning their first game, the varsity had a hard time in getting the right combination together and dropped four games in a row. During this period Mr. Greely had taken down with appendicitis and Mr. Murch had taken his place as coach. On January 23, the varsity, strengthened by Morse, who had come to our school from Montpelier, defeated Geneva by a score of 40-23. The next week the F. W. H. S. team was defeated by a large score at Hartford City. On February 4, the varsity dropped a practice game to the I. B. C. and the next day defeated the fast Decatur team by a score of 25-24. Using the same combination, Scheumann, Morse, Wilson, Adams and Thomas, the varsity again defeated Geneva, and the next week held the heavy Hartford City team, who, by the way, reached the semi-finals in the state tournament, to a 30-20 score. The next night the team won its second game from South Wihtley. On the following Friday, the varsity crippled by Thomas and Adams being out of the game on account of illness, defeated the Auburn team by a score of 37-23.

The District Tournament

F. W. H. S. participated in the district basket ball tournament which was held at Huntington this year. These tournaments are annual affairs and are held in twenty-six different Indiana cities. The winners of these tournaments met at Bloomington to decide the championship of the state, March 11-12-13.

Fort Wayne went to the turnament minus the services of Ed Thomas, who had proven to be such a valuable back guard. Our first game was with Roanoke, whom we defeated by a close score

Nov. 28	South Whitley	24	F. W. H. S. 28
Dec. 5	Auburn	17	F. W. H. S. 16
Dec. 12	Kendallville	23	F. W. H. S. 13
Jan. 2	Bluffton	26	F. W. H. S. 15
Jan. 9	Kendallville	19	F. W. H. S. 10
Jan. 16	Decatur	20	F. W. H. S. 14
Jan. 23	Geneva	17	F. W. H. S. 40
Jan. 30	Hartford City	62	F. W. H. S. 10
Feb. 4	I. B. C.	26	F. W. H. S. 24
Feb. 5	Decatur	24	F. W. H. S. 25
Feb. 13	Geneva	16	F. W. H. S. 18
Feb. 20	Hartford City	30	F. W. H. S. 20
Feb. 21	South Whitley	15	F. W. H. S. 33
Feb. 27	Auburn	23	F. W. H. S. 37
March 5	Roanoke	16	F. W. H. S. *17
March 5	Rock Creek	15	F. W. H. S. *29
March 6	Bippus	19	F. W. H. S. *20
March 6	Huntington	22	F. W. H. S. *14
March 23	C. C. H. S.	20	F. W. H. S. 13

of 17-16. In their second game the F. W. H. S. defeated Rock Creek, who, earlier in the day had defeated Rome. In the semi-finals Fort Wayne won over Bippus, who had turned out to be a dark horse and had nosed out a victory over the strong Wabash team. In the final game the F. W. H. S. lost to Huntington. Although at several times Fort Wayne was in the lead the pace set by the sturdy Huntington athletes proved too much for our fellows and the game ended with Fort Wayne on the short end of a 22-14 score.

About two weeks after the tournament the varsity was challenged by the C. C. H. S. varsity. The fellows had been out of training since the tournament and further handicapped by Wilson being ineligible, and were defeated by a score of 22-13.

Inter-Class Basket Ball

The inter-class basket ball championship goes to the Juniors, who won all but their first game, which they lost to the Seniors by a score of 7-2. The Seniors started out strong and defeated the Juniors, Sophs and Freshies in respective order. But because of the lack of a place to practice and because of the attitude of some of the fellows, the Senior team was broken up and they lost the rest of the season's games. The Sophomores had a hard time getting started, but toward the end of the season had their team in pretty good shape. The Freshmen had a fairly good team, and, although they came out on the short end of the score in most of their games, they always put up a good fight and consequently none of their defeats were walkaways for their opponents.

On the whole the class league has been a success. The games not only provided excitement for the fans, but also helped to develop some players who should be varsity material next year. Although only ten cents was charged as admission to the games, it was a great help in keeping the treasury of the Athletic Association filled.

An all-star team has been picked by Coach Murch, Referee Russel, and the Athletic Editor of the Caldron. The fellows who played in some of the class games but later made the varsity have not been considered. The personnel of the mythical team is as follows: Forward, Taylor, Brayer and Carrington; center, Hartmann and Large; guards, Thomas, English and McGinley.

The standing of the teams at the endof the season was as follows:

	W.	L.	Ave.
Juniors	5	1	.825
Seniors	3	3	.500
Sophomores	2	4	.333
Freshmen	2	4	.333

Our Team

I'll say we had a champion team,
A fact you now may know;
But if you don't, and won't believe,
I'll prove to you it's so.

It's great the way "Stoop" Scheuman played;
He certainly had some pep;
But best of all we loved to see,
Was how that boy did step!

Oh! Earl's a dandy player!
He made a peachy guard;
Opponents frowned to meet him,
For they knew he'd hit them hard.

And then there's that boy Francis Morse,
The grey matter o' the bunch;
He always knew just when to shoot,
And did it with a punch.

Bob Ritchie was a mighty man,
And knew the game to boot;
Monk Wilson was a speedy boy,
And say, but he could shoot.

Jim was our tiny forward,
And Hanson had the class;
Court was a spiffy player,
Ed Thomas sure could pass.

Say! the whole team was good;
Their class of ball ran high;
And in respect and honor, too,
Let's give 'em "Fort Wayne High!"

Now don't forget our good coach Murch,
He's the man behind it all.
So here's three cheers; we wish you luck,
To do it again next fall!

Courtland Wilder. Wilder captained the team this year and much credit is due him for the splendid showing of his team. This was his second year on the Varsity and his brilliant playing was the despair of many an opposing team. Court is a fast floor man as well as an accurate basket shooter and consequently is a star at either forward or center.

Francis Morse. Morse came to our school from Montpelier last January and proved to be a valuable addition to the team. His ability to make long and difficult shots as well as his ability to work the floor won a place for him on the all-star district team. He is only a Junior and therefore will have another year of Varsity basket ball. The Caldron unites with the rest of the school in wishing him still greater success next year.

Robert Wilson. "Monk" took Berghoff's place at center in February and was one of the principal point-gainers in the rest of the games. He is another F. W. H. S. man who made the all-star district team. He is a cool and conscientious player and next year he is expected to help bring greater laurels to the old Blue and White.

Earl Adams. Earl was the mainstay of the defense all this season. Besides being a steady and reliable guard, he is a bear on breaking up dribbles and usually can be depended on to sink one or two shots from the center of the floor. He is expected to make the all-district team in his next—his Senior year.

Edwin Thomas. Ed is a husky lad and although only a substitute at the beginning of the season, later made the team as a regular and developed into a fine back guard. Despite his husky build, Ed is a fast man and the fellow who had hard enough luck to draw Ed for his guard had harder luck in getting baskets.

James Bitner. Jimmie, the midget of the team, was sub-forward all this season and when he was given a chance to get into the game gave his all for the old F. W. H. S. "The bigger they are the harder they fall," says Jimmie and when he gets into a game he does not worry about the size of the opposing guards. As this is only his Junior year much is expected of him in the coming season.

Edward Scheumann. Eddie or Stupe is the most conscientious player on the team. He is in the game at all times and what is more he is in to win. As running guard at the first of the season and later as forward Stupe gave a good account of himself. He is an expert on getting his man and much credit is due him for the games the Varsity put on the credit side of the ledger.

Arthur Berghoff. This was Art's fourth year on the Varsity; he having made the team in his Freshman year. His height was a feature which greatly aided him in outjumping nine out of ten of the opposing centers. "Suds" played a great game during the fore part of the season, but later was out of the game with a broken wrist.

Robert Richey. "Peach" took Thomas' place at back guard when an operation forced Ed out of the game. Bob showed up in great shape at the district tournament and received several compliments from the different Huntington papers. His long arms were very valuable in intercepting passes. Next year he should be a valuable man to the team, as he plays equally well at either guard or center.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row: Hanson, Deister, Scheuman, Greeley (coach), Thomas (captain). Bottom Row: Titus, Dunlap, Adams, Shaffer, Schultz, Taylor, Richey Cox and Goldberger are not in the Picture.

Football

After smoldering in indecision for more than fourteen years, football has again flamed forth and has become one of the principal branches of athletics of the Fort Wayne High School. True there had been so-called F. W. H. S. football teams in previous years, but these teams were never officially recognized by the principal, nor were all the players on these teams eligible for athletics.

This year, however, it was decided to put a regular school team on the field and a meeting was held in Room 1, October 5, 1919. At this meeting Edwin Thomas was elected temporary manager and Mr. Greely signified his willingness to coach the team. The next day about fifty fellows reported at Lawton Park for tryouts. From this crowd of fellows, Mr. Greely was able to shape a fairly good team, which, although only playing five games, were able to pile up a total of 78 points to their opponents 48.

Decatur at Decatur

In their first game of the season, the F. W. H. S. football team was defeated by Decatur. Lack of experience and practice were, in the most part, responsible for Fort Wayne coming out on the short end of a 35-0 score.

Decatur at Fort Wayne

On Tuesday, October 27, in a return game at League Park, the Fort Wayne varsity showed that they had made considerable improvement and held the fast Decatur team to a 13-13 tie. The Fort Wayne lads started out with a rush and at the end of the first half had piled up 13 to Decatur's 0. Decatur, however, was far from beaten and by some clever aerial work, in the second half, tied the score at 13-13.

Varsity vs. Scrubs

Warsaw having cancelled the game scheduled with them for November 7, the scrubs were substituted and defeated by the varsity, score 21-0. Three faculty men, Northrup, Murch and Russel, appeared on the side of the scrubs and were a big factor in keeping the varsity's score from going much higher.

Convoy at Convoy

On November 21, the varsity journeyed to Convoy and easily defeated the high school team of that place. The Buckeye lads were completely lost against Fort Wayne's stone wall defense. As the score indicates, the game was one sided throughout and ended in Fort Wayne's favor at 44-0.

F. W. H. S. vs. C. C. H. S.

On November 25, the varsity stacked up against the Central Catholic team. The teams were evenly matched and after fighting hard all the way the game ended in a scoreless tie. At one time Fort Wayne had the ball on the Catholics' six-inch line but were unable to put the ball over for a touchdown, which would have won the game.

Next Year

As only four or five of this year's varsity graduates, therefore next year's team should be a winner. Mr. Greely and Mr. Northrup have been working hard on a schedule and have arranged some good games.

The Players

Thomas (Captain)—Eddie played full back on this year's team and was elected Captain just before the first game with Decatur. He proved a consistent ground gainer on line plunges and because he

graduates this year the F. W. H. S. is losing a wonderful back field man.

Richey—"Peach" is a fast man and played at half back. In the latter part of the season he was shifted to end where he did some fine work in breaking up forward passes. As he is only a Junior, great things are expected of him next year.

Scheumann—As a running mate for Richey no better man could have been found than "Stupe." His ability to kick goals as well as his ability to carry the ball makes him a very valuable man.

Deister—Irv originally tried out for end but later was shifted to quarter back, where he proved to be a great open field runner as well as one of the ablest generals in the high school football game. He is only a Junior (worse luck to our opponents) and will be back in the game next year.

Cox—"Stew" came back from the navy packing 190 pounds of beef and brawn and easily won the position of center on the team. He was a great player both on offense and defense. He also graduates this year and we are afraid that it will be a hard job to get another man to hold down the center of the line as well as he has.

Goldberger—For a fellow who had never played the game before, "Alex" gave a good account of himself at guard. He is another one of our graduates and no doubt we will hear of him helping hold the line at some one of our engineering schools next fall.

Adams—After getting a late start, Earl showed that he was the man to hold the other guard position. He plays a great game and should he continue to improve will some day make a name for himself in football circles.

Dunlap—Ralph played tackle on this year's team and as he is only a Sophomore has two more big years of varsity football before him.

Schultz—"Rollie" showed up in great shape at right tackle. He has a knack of getting through the line and getting the runners that will be a great help to next year's team.

Taylor—Von is a little fellow but, nevertheless, he is in the game all the time. Although handicapped by a sprained shoulder, he played a great game at end and as he graduates will be greatly missed next year.

Titus—Paul is another Sophomore who made the team this year. As a grabber of passes he has no equal in school. We expect to hear great things of him next year.

Leschinsky—Sam was substitute quarter back and Captain of the scrub. He always had the scrubs in shape to give the varsity a hard battle.

Shaffer—Shaffer is a Sophomore who has a big future at full back. He is expected to do some good work next year.

Hanson—Clyde got in on a few of the games at the end of the season. He plays a pretty good game at half back and should develop into a good man next year.

Bowling

Although bowling was not a regular organized sport at the F. W. H. S. this year, two tournaments were pulled off. One was conducted by the Spotlight for the students and the other was conducted by the faculty for the faculty. The students tourney was won by Clyde Hanson, for which he received a handsome bronze medal. Robert Altenburg and Francis Morse captured second and third places respectively.

The faculty tournament was won by Mr. Murch. The faculty tourney was run on the elimination plan and Murch won the championship by defeating Croninger in the finals.

Baseball

As the Caldron Annual of the class of 1920 goes to press the outlook for a champion baseball team is exceedingly bright. The team, which, by the way, is the second to represent the F. W. H. S. since 1914, has won three out of the four games played to date. The inclemency of the weather earlier in the Spring prevented an early start and necessitated the cancelling of several games.

This year's team is built around three of last year's letter men—Schmidt, a shortstop; Possell, a pitcher, and I. Deister, a catcher. Spaid and Taylor, two other fellows who subbed on last year's team, appear in the regular lineup this year. E. Deister and Adams fill the other infield positions and Morse and Schaffer have proven to be the best men for the other outfield positions. Lindman, Brayer, Smith, Gaylord and Price form a force of utilities who can be depended upon to fill any vacancy that might occur.

Possell, who is only a Sophomore, has shown lots of stuff on the mound and in the four games has pitched a total of twenty-nine innings and has been credited with fifty-two strikeouts. Deister, behind the bat has proven a good battery mate for "Poss," and when a man has gotten on a base, Irv has been effective in holding him there. The infield, after a bad start, rounded into shape and later played airtight ball. In the outfield Coach Greely has a trio of star fly chasers who can also be depended upon to hit, if not at all times, at least at the times when hits mean runs.

A summary of the games played to date follows:

April 30—(at) Decatur, 4; Fort Wayne, 13.
May 5—Garret, 12; (at) Fort Wayne, 4.
May 7—Columbia City, 5; (at) Fort Wayne, 16.
May 13—Decatur, 5; (at) Fort Wayne, 7.
Total—Opponents, 26; Fort Wayne, 40.

Track

For the first time in several years the Fort Wayne High School was not represented by a track and field team. This was due to several reasons: first, our old enemy, the weather man, continued to give us rain when the days should have been bright and balmy; second, there is no suitable track for the fellows to workout on, and third, ineligibility and sickness on the part of several of our experienced track men. It is to be hoped that next year conditions will be such that the old F. W. H. S. may again win honors on the cinder path.

Tennis

A movement is in progress to stage a tennis tournament this year. The tournament is to be conducted under the auspices of the Spotlight. A committee composed of Bob Pollak, Robert Koerber, Ed Thomas, Velma Crawford and Margaret Ann Keegan are looking after the entries and will later pick the cup which is to be given to the winner. As the Caldron goes to press long before most of the city courts are in playing condition, it is impossible to announce the winner in this publication.

If in these columns you are hit,
Please don't mind it one least bit;
But enjoy the fun and don't feel blue,
For many others have been there, too.

HEARD AT THE SHOWING OF ANY THEDA BARA PICTURE

The Countryman: "No matter how many times you go to these movies you never see the string that holds the beads bust."

The Schoolteacher (leaving and hastily pulling down her veil): "I'm so glad I came. It was very instructive—historically."

The Traveling Salesman: "Ain't she the fat little rascal."

The Schoolgirl: "I'm sure I look like her when I part my hair and when I look soulful."

The Searcher After Data: "Now I know why they call her Bara."

* * *

OLD STUFF

Velma: Marjorie feared the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring.

Arletta: Did they?

Velma: Did they? Four of them recognized it at once.

* * *

Speaker: Oh, I'm so glad to see so many faces with whom to shake hands.

* * *

Mr. Comparet: What does this 60 on your report card mean?

Bud: Oh, I guess that is the temperature of the room.

COLORED

Black, a white man, and White, a black man, both having a yellow streak, thought a man named Brown was pretty green, and tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown was well read, and he deceived them both—in fact, he got all the money they had. And now Black and White are blue.

* * *

ADOIS GUM

As Captain Kidd liked his rum,
The second period chemistry class likes chewing gum.
When they can't chew gum, they start to pout;
If they do chew gum, they get kicked out.

Three half-witted Seniors, one bleak winter day,
Five packs of gum in the hall gave 'way;
But when all began to enjoy the grand chew,
Vorhees forevermore put on the taboo.

(Contributed)

* * *

The Phrenologist: Yes, sir, by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell exactly what sort of a man you are.

Samuel L.: I belief it vill gif you more of an idea vat sort of a woman mine vife iss.

"REALM OF FANCY"

(With Apologies to J. Keats)

I

'Twas midnight in Nevada,
The sun was shining bright;
The forest fires were raging
Cause it rained all day that night.

II

One dark night in the middle of the day
Two dead poets tried to write a play;
A stone blind robber stole their pen,
Then turned around and killed the dead men.

III

'Twas a bright summer day in December,
A baseball game had just begun;
The fullback had been playing forward
And just then kicked a home run.

IV

And on that freezing summer day,
The snow was falling fast;
A barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood, sitting on the grass.

* * *

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN

Life has its little troubles,
And they never all relax;
The drink is mostly bubbles,
And the price is mostly tax.

* * *

Teacher: How long did you study this lesson?

L. Steinman: One hour, railroad time.

Mac: Explain yourself.

Steinman: Including stops and delays.

* * *

Pollak: What's the matter, Dick? You look pale.

Dick: Yes, I underwent a severe surgical operation; father cut off my allowance.

* * *

A horse ran away with my brother and he hasn't been out in six weeks.

That's nothing; my brother ran away with a horse and he hasn't been out in six years.

* * *

Jack, I wish you would give that young brother of mine a talking to. It's time he thought of choosing a career.

Judging from the hours he keeps he must be studying to be a night watchman.

* * *

Reading cable from sister in London: "Twins arrived today. More by mail."

* * *

Erwin: Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?

Hindle: Sure; did you think it would go thru?

* * *

With curiosity we rage,
Most everyone in town
Will start right now to turn this page
To see what's upside down.

* * *

Farmer: You can feed them cows corn in the ears tonight.

Stupe S.: I did try it last night but they seemed to like it better in the mouth.

* * *

Publisher: This passage seems rather ambiguous. What do you mean by it?

Pollak: I don't know; I left it there for the commentators and literary dubs to work over when I am dead.

* * *

Stupe S., while fishing one day, pointed out to his companion the sign-board, remarking "The fellow who put that up there is a liar."

"Why?" asked his companion.

"Because that sign reads 'No Fishing in This Brook,' and I caught the best trout in my basket right under that sign."

* * *

Ticket Taker at Theater: Here, I can't pass you.

A. Miles: You needn't pass me; just stand where you are; I'll pass you.

And he passed.

* * *

Mac: What do you intend to be after you graduate from F. W. H. S.?

Steinman: An old man.

TOO LATE FOR PUBLICATION

Foresight surely is a great advantage. Take for instance the case of Liquor Steinman, who, thinking that his new song, entitled "'Tis Very Condescending to Stoop Without Bending," would make a big hit, drank fifteen gallons of chalybeate water. Consequently when he was arrested and comfortably seated in a padded cell, he simply opened a vein in his arm and extracted enough iron from his blood to make a crowbar with which he quickly freed himself.

HELPFUL HINTS

Never drink milk, it is only chewed grass.

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, it will not hurt you. It is also wise to keep a block ahead of it.

If your hogs are so fat that you cannot tell where their heads are, make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

If your autograph album lacks neatness and uniformity, buy a new book and copy the names into it.

A near-sighted hen in Arkansas mistook sawdust for Indian meal, and ate heartily of it, then laid a nest full of wooden knobs and in three weeks hatched out a set of parlor furniture.

Railway Notice: "Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other, on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt at the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed until each train has passed the other."

Beef a la mowed—prepared by the union of one cow with a reaping machine.

A parson once prefaced his sermon with: "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." About like the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

"Look here, Pat, you heard the boss say that that job must be finished tonight?"

"All roight, sor, I'll have it done tonight if it takes me till tomarrow marnin'."

"Patrick O'Flynn!" called the inspection officer, observing a badly soiled shirt.

"Here, yor honor," replied Pat, saluting.

"How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer.

"Twenty-eight inches," was the sharp reply.

The rich eat venison becaush it ish deer. I eat mutton becaush it ish sheep.

Not VERY long ago, a man was returning home rather late at night and stopped under an electric lamp-post to look at his watch and then buttoned his overcoat around the post and stood there in dread fear, under the impression that the electric current was holding him to the post.

WATCH OUR WINDOWS FOR ADVANCED STYLES

AT POPULAR PRICES

TRIVERS CLOTHES

924 CALHOUN ST.

For

Style and Quality

Visit

Holden's Style Shop

732 Calhoun 110-112 W. Berry

M. APP

916 Calhoun Street

SHOES OF QUALITY

ROBERT MEYER

TAILOR

118 West Berry St.

Fort Wayne, Ind

Real Good Clothes

Hats and Furnishings, and Exclusive Agents for the Celebrated Spaulding Athletic

Shields Clothing Co.

120 West Berry St.

BANG!!

Mr. Murphy (in ancient history): What happened to Babylon?

Bob Baral: It fell.

Mr. M.: What happened to Nineveh?

Baral: Destroyed.

Mr. M.: What happened to Tyre?

Baral: It was punctured.

* * *

Ward: Miss Mikesell, your conduct is awful; I think I'll consult your father.

Helen: Better not; his fee is $5.

* * *

She frowned at him and called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.
So the following night
Just out of spite
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Your husband, madam, has just been struck by lightning.

Merciful Heavens.

* * *

Boy: I want some flesh reducer.

Druggist: Anti-fat?

Boy: No, uncle.

* * *

Hobo: Will you give a poor man a bite to eat?

Housewife: What; you here again? I'll call my husband.

Hobo: Never mind, madam, I ain't no cannibal.

* * *

Mary Eunice: Do you keep stationery?

Floor Walker: If I did I'd lose my job.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Most men do their head work with their brains but a barber does his with his hands?

A sculptor makes faces and busts but a hair dresser curls up and dyes?

An empty pepper box is always out of season?

A cootie is a louse with military training?

* * *

Poor Pudge, he cannot take a bath,
He is so awful stout,
For when he gets into the tub
The water splashes out.

* * *

Examining Officer: Have you any scars?

Rookie: No, I haven't, sir, but have a cigarette?

* * *

Deister: Do you know how far it is from one of your ears to the other?

Rump: No; how far?

Deister: One block.

* * *

"Chuck": When I'm full, I always leave the table.

E. Deister: Yes, that's all you do leave.

* * *

Goldberger (to barber): I believe you have cut my hair before.

Barber: No; I have only been here one year.

* * *

Bitner: Believe me, she's some girl.

Morse—Clever?

Bitner: Very; she's got brain enough for two.

Morse—Just the girl for you. Why don't you marry her?

* * *

Murphy: "The general was defeated, because his men were all boys."

* * *

At a recent baseball game "Stupe" Scheumann was hit on the head with a pitched ball.

The umpire woke up just as the ball caromed off of "Stupe's" head into the catcher's mitt.

Foul ball!" yelled the umpire.

"But it hit me on the head," gasped "Stupe."

"Maybe I didn't see where it hit, but I know the sound of wood when I hear it."

* * *

Uncle Mac: Do you think this class is a joke, young man?

Berghoff: No, sir, I'm not laughing at the class.

* * *

He: What would you call Crighton's love for blonde hair?

She: Chemical attraction.

* * *

Walt: See that good looking girl smiling at me?

Bob: She is too polite to laugh out loud.

* * *

When the little boy saw the zebra,
He began to laugh and wail,
"O, mamma," he loudly cried,
"Here's a mule that's been to jail."

* * *

Vandegrift: I want to get a "Spotlight" for a week back.

Crighton: Better try a mustard plaster.

* * *

Mikesell: Could I get a shock by holding onto the receiver of a telephone?

Harris: Depends on who is talking.

* * *

Harris: Now as you all see, we get $x = o$.

Comparet: All that work for nothing.

* * *

Young Schick: Bet he would kiss you if I weren't here.

Hildegarde: You bad boy, run away this instant.

* * *

Phil: Say Mal, you are getting hump backed.

Mal: Yes, that's what the Camels do.

The Senior Class Photos and most of the Groups and Individual Photos in this Book were made by Van De Grift, 218 West Berry Street

THINGS THAT PUZZLE IGNATZ

Why is it that night falls but day breaks?

Why don't string beans come in balls?

What's the use of studying the dead languages unless you are going to be an undertaker?

Why does a man with a wooden leg walk with a lumbering gait?

Where do they buy the striped paint for barber poles?

* * *

Pollak: Your reports should be written in such a manner that the most ignorant can understand them.

Reporter: Well, what part don't you understand?

* * *

Sophomore: Say, dad, who was Shylock?

Father: Shame on you. Go study the Bible.

* * *

Where did Sidney Carton go?

Student: I don't know; you'll have to ask St. Peter.

* * *

M. O. K.: Now, I hope none of you will ever shoot the little birds.

Chet. Walters: How about craps?

M. O. K.: O, don't kill them either; they're so pretty.

* * *

Coach Murch: Have you taken a shower bath?

Adams: No; is there one missing?

* * *

Dunlap: There is something dovelike about you.

Hilda: Oh, really?

Dunlap: Sure, you're pigeon-toed.

* * *

NOTICE

A pole cat is a wild cat of the plains, but not a plain cat.

It is best to handle a pole cat with a pole and the longer the pole the better off you are.

WANT ADS

WANTED—A steady girl. Dick Blitz.

WANTED—A good looking girl to make up my back work and answer notes. Steady job for the right party. Litcher Steinman.

WANTED—A good looking fellow who will promise to go with me steadily. Helen Mikesell.

WANTED—Information of the method of tying a tie in a long and skinny knot. V. Taylor.

WANTED—A guaranteed remedy for shyness. Willis Brooks.

WANTED—Someone to swear for me. I am getting tired. M. Crighton.

WANTED—Someone to teach me how to smoke. Must have good references. "Lady-fingers" Hindmarch.

WANTED—To have less work to do and more time to rest. Stupe Scheiman.

WANTED—A tested beauty recipe. Hildegard Schick.

WANTED—To vamp Bob Pollak. Leola Strieder.

WANTED—Someone to teach me how to dance. Max Himmelstein.

FOR SALE—A guaranteed method of bluffing the teachers. Ralph Schmidt.

FOR SALE—My patented method of having a large head of hair. Irene Giles.

LOST—My heart. E. Covington.

FOUND—Same and intend to keep it. J. Erwin.

WANTED—Someone to teach me how to tie a bow tie and stick it under my collar. Bob Pollak.

FOR SALE—My dramatic ability and my method of keeping my hair blond by using peroxide. Mary E. Eaton.

WANTED—A good way of making Mac think I have my lesson when I don't have it. M. A. Keegan.

WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER

Miss Kolb: Now pay strict attention as I am going to skip around rapidly.

Summit City Restaurant

118-120 East Wayne Street

The Place Where You All Go!

BRILLIANT

Freshie—Pa, I learned four new French words today at school.

Pa: What are they?

F.: Grenade, village, envelope and locomotive.

Pa: And what are they in French?

F.: The same.

* * *

Williams, entering Chem. Lab.: What is that I smell?

Doc: That is fertilizer.

Williams, astonished: For the lands sake!

Vorhees: Yes, ma'am.

* * *

Unc Mac: I forgot my roll book but I don't think there is anybody here who is absent.

* * *

Toodles: Got a zero in English for going to Huntington.

H. Smith: That's nothing.

Toodles: What's nothing?

"Fru": Zero.

* * *

Krimmel: Adam and Eve were the first gamblers.

Dobler: How so?

Krimmel: Didn't they shake a Paradise?

* * *

Helmke, in U. S. History: General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and the fourth went thru his clothes.

* * *

Uncle Mac: Can you handle the English language?

Pollak: I think I can.

Mac: Then take the dictionary to the library.

* * *

Mulholland: How long did the Thirty Years War last?

* * *

Minister's wife to minister who is going to preach a funeral: Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground.

* * *

Kolb: What happens when the president dies?

Helmke: The vice-president takes his place.

Kolb: And when the vice-president dies?

Walt—Er—er—they bury him.

* * *

Scheumann: My mother asked me to beat a rug this morning.

Hanson: What did you do?

Stupe: I beat it.

* * *

Johnny: O, mamma look, the ice man is kissing the cook.

Mamma starts for kitchen.

Johnny: April fool; it's only dad.

* * *

Irene: What do you suppose I did when mother told me you were coming?

Blitz: I suppose you colored up a bit.

* * *

Murphy: As far as the actual value of this bill is concerned, it is not worth as much as a sheet of paper.

Thomas: Here, I'll give you a sheet of paper for it.

* * *

Rohan: Gee, my bones ache.

Porterfield: You have my sympathy; headaches are awful nuisances.

* * *

Don Thomas: Know my brother?

Kigar: Yeh, I used to sleep with him in history.

* * *

A Freshman recently asked our eminent editor if he could write a crime story for the Caldron. Helmke told him to go ahead and write it.

He did. It was.

* * *

Hull: Mr. Koerber, what is the unit of power?

Bob, waking up: The what sir?

Hull: Correct.

For Wayne, Indiana

The Hallmark Store

BRUDER-CALHOUN COMPANY

Wayne, Corner of Calhoun

Say it with Flowers

FROM

WENNINGHOFF, Florist

1005 Calhoun St. Telephone 2936 Fort Wayne, Ind.

WENZLER'S DRUG STORE

OPPOSITE THE MARKET

The Quality of Our Goods and Our Service Are Unsurpassed

Phone 232 for Your Drug Wants

Young Men, Have Your Suits Made to Order By

FRED T. PARKS

Suits Made to Order give you individuality that you cannot get otherwise.

Styles and Fabrics up to the minute.

Start right by buying right.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

CALIFORNIA (?)

So the doctor directed you to a warmer climate?

Ed: Yes, I went to collect a bill.

* * *

Little grains of sawdust,
Little bits of wood;
Treated scientifically,
Make the breakfast food.

* * *

Hindle: Is this a second-hand store?
Dealer: Yes.
Kob—Well, I want one for my watch.

* * *

Judge: Do you drink?
Comparet: That's my business.
Judge: Have you any other business?

* * *

Mother: Johnny, stop using such awful language.
Johnny: Shakespeare uses it.
Mother: Well, don't play with him; he is not a fit companion for you.

* * *

Vardaman (coming in late at baseball game): Fine, we have a man on every base.
Mary: That's nothing, so have they.

* * *

Rothert (in 10A Latin): There seems to be a disturbing spirit in this class.
Bright Soph: Maybe it's Caesar's ghost.

* * *

Lady: You surely drink too much whiskey; you ought to drink more water.
Hobo: I'll tell you, mum, I have an iron constitution and water might rust it.

* * *

Sunday School Teacher: If you are a good boy, Manuel, you will go to Heaven and have a gold crown on your head.
Manny: Not me. I had one of them things put on my tooth once.

* * *

"Oh, my," exclaimed Julia impatiently, "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We have been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," replied Ed.

"Ours," she cried joyfully; "Ed, this is so sudden."

* * *

Mac: Give a word ending in "ous" meaning full of.
Bud V.: Pious—full of pie.

* * *

Croninger: Goodness, what's that noise?
Beck: Nothing. I only dropped a perpendicular.

* * *

Home is naught without a mother,
Church is dull without a preacher;
Life is blue without a lover, but a
Class is joy without a teacher.

* * *

Barber: Do you want *a* hair cut?
Art B.: Naw, cut 'em all while you are about it.

* * *

Martha: You have made a great impression on me.
Irv.: That's all right; I won't hold you so tight the next time.

* * *

Phwat was the last card Oi delt ye, Mike?
A spade.
Oi knew it; Oi saw ye spit on yur hands before ye picked it up.

* * *

Did you see the jitney turn over three times this morning?
No, where?
In my pocket.

* * *

Walt: I think that I will go to the class party stag.
Ed: Why do that?
Walt: I haven't any doe.

* * *

How doth the gentle laundress
Search out the weakest joints,
And always scrape the buttons off
At most stragetic points.

What Can We Do For You?

You have to have things done for you in the matter of clothes and other things to wear. Somebody has to get all the goods together in one place, where you can look at them, and select. That's our function in the community; providers of things young men wear. We sell the best we can get, as low as we can; we're sure you will get value

Hart Schaffner & Marx Fine Clothes and Other Things

Patterson-Fletcher Company

Wayne and Harrison Street

The Store That Does Things

The Friendship Club

(Continued from page 121)

have a membership of nearly 1,000; every girl in High School is a member and 800 of them are active." I gasped as I realized the wonderful work such an organization must be doing and then I stepped forward to shake hands with the girl president. But, alas, Time dropped her curtain once more and blotted out the happy scene and I found myself once more at my desk trying to prophesy the future of the Friendship Club.

Who says it is a dream? Besides dreams sometimes come true. This can be the future of the Friendship Club if every member boosts and every alumnus remains loyal. Let us have faith that it will be a reality.

"Green Stockings"

(Continued from page 115)

was Lucille Franke. "Admiral Grice," a testy old sea-dog, was acted by Maurice Rohan, who played this difficult part to perfection. The faithful butler, "Martin," was William White. Richard Blitz and Richard Knox had the parts of "Jimmy Raleigh" and "Henry Steele." "Robert Tarver," a young English dandy, candidate for parliament and successful suitor for Miss Phyllis' hand and heart, was Algene Miles, who could wield the monocle to perfection.

The play was managed by Edwin Thomas. Walter Helmke was the stage manager, Dorothy Simpson, reporter and prompter; Manuel King, assistant business manager, and Algene Miles was head of the distribution of advertising material.

Our pictures were "taken by Van De Grift & Sun."

If the ancient Naiads were constantly bathing, the Dryads must have been the ones who brought the towels.

Ladies will be interested to hear that Montana sends double the amount of furs to market. It appears to be a fur-tile country. It otter be; it's so fur off.

Lady traveler, greatly annoyed by the expectorations of a fellow behind her: "Conductor, haven't you any rule in regard to spitting in the car?"

"No, marm, you kin spit around anywhere you want."

Our new location after June 1, Corner Calhoun and Jefferson

J. H. YOUNG, Jeweler

HIGH SCHOOL CLOTHES

For the Boys That Like the Styles—
At To-Day's Popular Prices

$25.00, $30.00, $35.00 and $40.00

KRATZSCH & SCHROEDER
618 CALHOUN STREET

Corsages to Suit Your Personality — Wedding Flowers and Flowers in Good Taste for All Occasions
Metropolitan Experience — Good Service — Fresh Flowers
BLOSSOM FLORAL CO. 110 E. WAYNE

D. & N. PHARMACY
CUT RATE DRUG STORE
624 Calhoun Street Phone 308-309

"Known for Values" *Just Right Clothes* Theo. J. Israel 1011 CALHOUN ST "Known for Values"

C. J. LOSE
PRINTER AND ENGRAVER
218-220 Farmers Trust Bldg. Phone 1954

Smartest Young Men's Suits

"Walk Up-Stairs—Save"

Wayne Clothes Shop
714 Calhoun Street
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Girl's Athletics

(Continued from page 142)

acquainted with in our blissful state of ignorance. In the second half of the game we decided to recover some, but in the state of stupidity that we had been placed watching the long throws of the wonderful (?) guard of Decatur we did not accomplish much. (We had all passed the state of action and could do nothing but watch.) By the end of the game, if being in a trance has anything to do with the success of a seeress, the whole team could have gone into the business of fortune-telling either separately or in a crowd and made our fortunes at it. As a matter of fact it seemed to have the same effect on the whole school, altho the rest seemed to recover more quickly than we. We all traveled around the school for the next week in a daze and the only reason that it was to school we went was because we had spent most of our recent past there and even our school knows that scientists say that in case of temporary disorder such as ours the defective always wanders in familiar haunts. In our aimless wandering around the school during the next week, the one event of the game that we heard discussed was the friendly fight between Crawford and her wonderful guard, and the miraculous way in which they both quickly recovered after having knocked each other out.

"And lo and behold! after seven long days passeth by, we boarded a traction car and traveled afar, even unto Kendallville, where we again met our Waterloo." Even as the great army and even greater commander, we summoned all our forces for one great struggle against our enemy in order to preserve our power and kingdom which was really our honor and pride. We, like Napoleon, had planned our campaign to the very minutest detail and the slightest misstep of even one of the members of the team would mean the downfall of the whole army. The battle raged on (as poets and historians would say) and the most of the rest of us raged with it. As a matter of face we raged so much that at one time we were afraid the sparks from Alberts' eyes would set the building on fire.

But to return to the battle. Evidently someone tripped or by the looks of the score the whole team tripped and we certainly did fall. Just behold the score, 22-12, in favor of Kendallville! But after having played one game with Kendallville our players were more familiar with the trick plays that our opponents tried to put over on us and they didn't get them over quite so often. This game was one of the speediest games played by the team this year, and we were very much pleased to hear the Kendallville High principal say that that was the best girls' game that had been played in Kendallville this year.

During the first half of the game we held down Kendallville very well; but they seemed to decide that since their honor was at stake, too, they should work all the harder. During the last half it was one grand battle which resembled in no way the scrambled skirmishes staged between the Freshmen and Sophomore teams at the beginning of the season. The team work displayed by both sides was wonderful (only theirs seemed to be a little more excellent than ours). When we came away from the game, we had the feeling of a team that had played an excellent game excellently, and that is the nearest that a losing team can come to feeling the satisfaction that the winning team does.

Kendallville, to return the compliment, had prepared us a feed of sandwiches and chocolate, but our car was just due,

A Gift--

That Is Truly Appreciated

A fine watch or wrist-watch serves constantly to remind of the giver.

You give a beautiful watch or wristwatch today—and tomorrow and throughout the endless tomorrows it quietly ticks your message of love and affection. Our sotck includes only standard makes—watches that have won reputation for accuracy and reliability. So varied are the numbers shown, however, that you will have no difficulty in obtaining the individuality which is so desirable in a watch.

Class Pins and Jewelry

Why not let us fill your next order for class pins, rings, belt buckles, etc.? We guarantee first-class service and satisfaction at a minimum expenditure.

Trenkley & Koerber

Jewelers and Opticians

810-820 Calhoun St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

so we all took a sip of chocolate (which incidentally burned our tongues, for we did not have time to wait for it to cool) and ran for the car. Thus ended our Kendallville battles, those that passeth all understanding to the average student.

And after two weeks, we entertained the Decatur team. Like all honorable hostesses, we entertained them with a hard fight, so hard that they felt as if they were losing and then we gracefully and unfortunately let them have the game with a score of 25-18. Of course, they had to earn it, or we would not have let them have it. By the time Decatur came, our girls had had a great deal of practice and to show that we were learning, we can point out the fact that the center and side-center of Decatur refrained from throwing the ball back and forth after having tried it once. We also must say that the Decatur team was just as lost in our gym as we had been cramped in theirs. They may say that the reason this game was close was because they were at a disadvantage because of our large gym and they rattled around like so many peanuts in a barrel. But we entreat them to stop and think that we felt like so many grains of popcorn that wanted to burst but didn't have the room when we tried to play in their gym. There was one criticism that our opponents made, and justly, too, and that was that the gym was too warm. They felt (and so did we) as if someone who believed in preparedness was firing the furnace and was trying to prepare us all against the worst that might happen in the future. If this was the case we, as well as Decatur, want to thank them with all our hearts, but prefer that they let up a little on their preparedness program in the future.

Our second game with Decatur was wonderful! It was a fast game from beginning to end and the team work of our girls proved conclusively that Miss Wingert had been doing some wonderful work in getting us in training. At the end of the first half the score was 11-7 in favor of Decatur. Between halves the girls got together and planned some new passes for the game, determined that F. W. H. S. should come off victorious in the struggle if it was at all in our power to win that honor for her. Our passes all went thru fairly well, so well, in fact, that the score got to be 18-17 in favor of Decatur near the end of the last half. The Decatur girls saw the game slipping away from them and we seemed to be able to see victory ahead if we would only work a little harder. From that time on we got down to bed-rock and played swiftly and silently; no one had any breath left with which to talk. It was a fight such as a dog would fight against its bitterest enemy for its very existence. Finally that long strain came to an end, and we found that we were dead (to carry on the dog simile). As we look back upon it, that was one grand and glorious fight, with only one drawback, that we did not come off the floor victorious.

The next guests we entertained were Hartford City. We began to assert our own at this game. We had had so much experience by the time Hartford City came there was absolutely no chance for them to win. As we took our first look at those girls we decided we would win or resign and so it was necessary for us to win, for we are no more angelic than the rest of the world and it would have hurt our pride exceedingly if we had to quit because our work was inadequate. As the first whistle blew, we walked out on the floor and sized up our opponents. We found that we were each as tall or taller than our several opponents and we were almost sure of our game, altho we were careful not to be over-confident.

When the game really started, we were rather surprised because we had never tried to play football before and were rather lackin in practice. We soon re-

Womens Misses and Girls Ready-to-Wear

Here You Will Find Graduation Dresses in Chiffons, Voiles and Dainty Organdies.

Luxurious Wraps and Coats for Sport Wear.

Suits That Are Especialy Adapted for the Growing Miss.

DON'T FORGET

Our Beauty Parlor, Third Floor Uses Soft Filtered Rain Water for Shampooing.

G.W. Gates & Co.

122-126 West Berry St. *Where Fashion Reigns*

gained our composure and settled down to steady, if not brilliant, playing. We did not get very many baskets, but we were careful that our opponents should get fewer, for there is power in numbers when it comes to basket ball scores. When we finished the first half, we found the score was 7-2 in our favor. It had been so long since we had seen a score look similar to that that we would have tried to argue with the rest of the crowd that the sun was shining, or that the walls of the gym were lined with gold, since everything looked so bright; but we knew without proof that that scoreboard was made of some valuable substance and should be placed in a glass case in the office as a curio. You will notice that by this time we were able to appreciate a score in our favor.

We started on again and played according to the rules of basket ball or nearly so. At the end of the second half the score was 9-5 in our favor. The clouds had all faded away so there was nothing to be lined with silver, so we assumed that it was solid silver we saw instead of a silver lining. Anyway it was something bright we saw for the rest of the week.

Our last opponent was not an out-of-town team, but the Normal School. The future teachers may have thought to teach us something in the line of basket ball, but they failed miserably if that was their aim. If the Normal School girls learned nothing it was not because they lacked a good example. The first half of the game was punctuated by one of our passes more wonderful than the rest, that it resembled a streak of lightning, so sudden that if it were not for the thunder (the score) you would doubt that you had ever seen it. The one wonderful thing that the Normals did during the first half was to make an excellent long throw. When we read in the Spotlight the next week that excepting the above mentioned things the first half was uninteresting and was a see-saw between the teams we wondered if a game looked so much different when observed from the side-lines than when observed from the floor. At least, when we looked at the score 15-12 in our favor, we thought it might have been interesting from the point of view of the scorekeeper, if from no other.

We began the second half with a rush, and as a matter of fact, rushed thru the rest of the game. It was quite a race for the Normal girls, for we ran away from them and if it hadn't been for the recent bad weather, they would have been so covered with dust that they would have been unrecognizable; but as it was, they were only well splattered with mud. The game was not as swift as it might have been and it was not such an earnest fight, for it takes two equals or nearly equals to accomplish this fact, but it was a nice restful game to watch. When we had finished the last second of the last half and glanced at the scoreboard, behold (as they say in fairy tales) the golden numbers 32-12 were in favor of US. And thus ended the last game of the girls' varsity in which Fort Wayne High School was victorious.

And so the Varsity of the F. W. H. S. went thru the season toiling, winning, losing. We learned just what defeat, bitter defeat, meant and so learned how it felt to be in a seventh heaven because of victory. Altho we were not thereafter every game we assure you we enjoyed the time we spent there and wish next year's Varsity more success in staying there than we had.

Although we seemed to have developed the power of soliloquizing since we began this report, we deem it good taste to stop before we get started again, since we have come to the end. And now, just to prove we are not ashamed of our record, altho we are not particularly proud of it, we are going to write it down in a concise form so that the rest

Wardrobe Trunks, Dress Trunks, Steamer Trunks, Suitcases and Traveling Bags—Fitted and Unfitted—Toilet Kits, Tourist Tablets, and all kinds of Leather Novelties.

When you travel, bear in mind that there is more personality to luggage than you dream. Quality and refinement speak from every line when equipped at our store. King has THE best.

King Trunk and Leather Works

1019 CALHOUN STREET

Exclusive Agents Indestructo Trunks
Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks Also a Feature

of you can all kick about it without going to the trouble of hunting it up.

F. W. H. S.....21; Bluffton..... 6
F. W. H. S.....17; Kendallville.....20
F. W. H. S.....10; Decatur 32
F. W. H. S.....12; Kendallville.....22
F. W. H. S.....18; Decatur 25
F. W. H. S..... 9; Hartford City... 5
F. W. H. S.....32; Normal 12

Total points, F. W. H. S..119 — Total points, opponents....122

We suppose you are wondering why the teams we could defeat never played return games with us. This is the sad explanation. Bluffton was scheduled to come here the first Friday after our Xmas vacation, but our gyms were all closed for four weeks at Xmas because of the coal shortage and we had to cancel the game. This was a mistake, but we did not realize it at the time that they were the only team that we would meet for a while that we would be able to defeat. Our game with Hartford City was scheduled for Friday between terms, and because of the Freshies (they are always bothersome) our coach could not go, so we stayed at home, too. Then the Normal School, altho they are in the city, do not have enough money to engage a gym and theirs has only one basket, which is rather insufficient for a team like ours.

Thus we went thru a great deal of trouble and pleasure for our Alma Mater and gained a great deal of honor (or otherwise) as the case might be. We have been officially informed that as usual we are each going to get monograms for our trouble. Since all athletic honors will be awarded at the same time we will wait until the baseball athletes are determined before the day will be set. Since that meeting cannot be written up here we hope you have all been there. The girls always award their Senior players with a gold basket ball pin in order to do something just a little different and have something we can keep for a long time.

All right now, everybody, KICK!

NOTICE

The Faculty is a body of people appointed by the School Board to help the Seniors run the school.

* * *

The cross-eyed man was watching the activities at Niagara Falls. "What a big waste," he remarked to his friend.

The very stout looking lady looked at him very angrily and said, "Mind your own business."

* * *

Mac: Can you answer the question?
Schmidt: I pass.
Mac: I don't think that you will this month.

* * *

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill;
He drilled away for half a day,
And then he broke his drill.

* * *

Lives of editors all remind us,
That their life is not sublime;
For they have to work like thunder
To get their copy up in time.

* * *

Fond Friend: Was there much cut glass at the wedding?
Jealous Jane: Only her engagement ring.

* * *

Life is real, life is earnest,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, by asking foolish questions,
Take up all the teacher's time.

* * *

Voorhees: What are reducing agents?
Voice in rear: Exams.

* * *

Murphy: When shall I give this test?
A. Miles: Saturday.
Murphy: All right, come out to the house.

Smart Vacation Clothes

THE question of vacations is no idle topic. June ushers in that glorious time of year when every one owes it to herself to spend as much time as possible in the out-doors. A well spent vacation means stored up energy and renewed vigor for months to come. One cannot seriously disregard the tonic effect of the vacation.

Here are special showings of

—Lovely Blouses and Sport Skirts
—Tub Frocks of Every Washable Fabric
—Dressy Organdy Frocks
—Smart Sport Suits

and all the delightful accessories of the summer costume.

Wolf & Dessauer

Never Again!

(Continued from page 21)

even the appalling length of Monday's Vergil lesson she discussed at length and with enthusiasm. Anything to help them forget their present predicament.

The night dragged on interminably. Both girls sat rigid and alert, startled at every sound (and how many there are at night near the woods!) afraid to stay awake, more afraid to go to sleep. Several times they were almost overcome with weariness, until at last in desperation they began saying the multiplication tables. Their conversation ran like this:

"7×9 are 63; 8×9 are—Jean, I'm falling!—are 72; 9×9—Jeanie, I'm too sleepy to care whether I fall off this beam or not. I'll just *have* to go to sleep."

"If you dare, Peggy, I shall shake you until you're awake. You simply *must not!* It won't be long now until daylight—at least, I don't think it will be. I never believed a night could be so long."

But all things, even April nights, end some time; and this night was no exception to the rule. After a long, long time the sky began to be less black, then gray, and very eagerly the tired girls waited for dawn. It came at last, and with it a figure singing as it came down the road. Jean and Peggy Ellen listened.

"At a party or at a ball,
I've got to admit he's nothing at all,
But in a taxi-cab
You'd be surprised."

"Peter!" they both exclaimed.

It was a week later. "Am I going to vespers?" Jean repeated Peggy Ellen's question thoughtfully. "Verily, I am. And you're going with me," she added. "Come on, fellow sinner, we have exactly three minutes left."

Aboard the Tyronia

(Continued from Page 17)

escape at the landing, and then they cabled to the Secret Service office to arrest the men at New York.

As they turned away from the ship's wireless office Barbara smiled at Deland and sighed a sigh of happy relief.

"There, that job is off our hands."

"Yes, you've done a great piece of work," Deland rejoined. "Now let's go and enjoy ourselves in perfect peace."

So they went out on deck in the glorious sunshine, and spent the rest of the afternoon together talking.

Finally Deland said, "Tomorrow night is the last night aboard, and there is to be a big dance. Will you go with me?"

"I'd love to," Barbara said sweetly.

"All right. Now let's go in to dinner."

"Yes, let's, I'm getting hungry," she said, jumping up. So they went inside.

* * *

Accordingly, the next night the ship was bedecked in gaiety. The big salon was cleared and decorated for the ballroom, and the orchestra had begun to play lively music. The hall was filling with people in evening dress.

Deland came down the passageway to get Barbara, and just then she stepped out of her room, and stood before him smiling.

Never before had he realized her full beauty. She was exquisite in an orange colored silk gown.

Deland looked at her in admiration;

Girls of F. W. H. S. '20

Didn't you learn in Domestic Science classes that the success in serving a meal depends as much upon the supplies you use as your own skill?

There's a great difference in coffee. Many kinds you buy have a stale or bitter taste that is sure to disappoint. Always ask for

Bursley's High Grade Coffee

BURSLEY'S HIGH GRADE

COFFEE

AND OTHER

FOOD PRODUCTS

because its freshly roasted—full of de'icious flavor that tempts and satisfies.

Serve it after rides, theatre, dances, tennis or hikes.

Also try Bursley's

High Grade Tea

—Ten delightful flavors.

G. E. BURSLEY & CO.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

then took her into the ballroom. The music had just begun again, and the two glided away into the crowd.

Finally, as it was growing late, they emerged from the warm, brilliant ballroom out into the cool night air on deck. They stood by the rail, talking and laughing.

As Barbara stood there in the path of the moonlight, she was irresitible. Suddenly Deland swept her into his arms, and then looked into her face. She was smiling and her eyes told him what he wanted to know.

Miles: I know where you got that tie.
Rohan: Where?
Miles: Around your neck.

"Oh, Mary!"

(Continued from Page 19)

While this "hide and seek" game was going on Arthur was getting in some good work about the "Zets." He had even gotten so far as to have a majority of the girls to work for "Bert" if the "Zets" would work for Mary. Then the "Zets" began to do some hard work in favor of Mary, and the Delts, a little more stealthily in favor of "Bert." Yet with all Art's hard work and tactful ways, Mary would not be convinced that all the "Zets" were on the square and that Bert Morton was not planning something "crooked" again this year.

Seemingly through all this the "Zets" had forgotten the wager and Morton had given it up to throw himself heartily into work for the elections. Up until the night of the Soph election, no one had had time to sit down one minute. This election was last and the Sops decided to let the other Zets work for them, while they would visit a "Paradise in Slumberland" in order to have a clear view of the land on the great day.

Just as Arthur Morton was leaving the "Frat" to finish an agreement with another bunch, Bert stopped him in the hall.

"Well, I guess you've won," was the opening remark.

"Yes, I won that first day when Mary looked through you. The trouble with you was that you were just as hopeful after as before until I began to think you really did have a date,'" laughed Art.

"The only way to pay back a little, at least, was to give you a little mental anguish, if worrying over a 'copper' can be called 'anguish,'" said Mort as he dashed up the stairs.

Two months later Arthur ask Mort, the "Soph" class President again, if he was going to the "Zeta Kappa" dance to be held in two weeks.

"No, I don't think that it is exactly in my nature to pay two dancing expenses for the rest of the month. The only one that I'm going to allow myself is the Inter-class Christmas Dance. I've paid two bills every month since the election and my allowance won't stand too much."

"Do you think I'm going to allow you to pay my dancing expenses forever, man?" demanded Arthur.

"No, just until the term is over," was the reply. "Now you must tell me why you were anxious to know about my behavior at the dance."

"Well, I've asked the vice-president to come to the dance with me. Since the election her faith in the stability of the 'Zets' has been somewhat restored; but, my man, she won't come to the dance if

His First Policy

He Faces a Bright Future

The young man who holds a Lincoln Life policy is starting right.

He can well be proud of this contract which links him with thrift and good citizenship.

His life insurance policy means that he has just passed a good physical examination or the insurance protection would not have been issued to him.

He has learned that life insurance is the best known plan for assuring systematic saving. He will save, through his deposits on his life insurance, the little sums which would otherwise have slipped away from him.

He has established an immediate estate for himself and it can never be reduced in value in value by panics or stock market slumps. He can borrow money from the bank upon his insurance policy. The banker always asks: "Do you have life insurance?"

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

"Its Name Indicates Its Character

Lincoln Life Building Fort Wayne, Indiana

More Than $115,000,000 of Insurance in Force

you're here, for her opinion of you has not changed any."

"Oh, Mary, is it? Well, I won't bother you but shall visit home that week-end, if you think it will ease her mind any more," was the proposition made by Bert.

"You need not go that far away, but if I promise that you will not come, I know Mary will come with me. That's all I want," replied Arthur decidedly.

"Well, you can rest easily, for I won't be there," said Mort as he went away, wondering why it was that the prettiest and most attractive girl on the campus disliked him so much.

On the night of the dance, from all appearances, Bert Morton went to bed at eight o'clock. Instead of going to bed he started reading one of the lightest novels he could find. Yes, he thought, there was the first couple, or was it two couples. He began to wonder if Mary was one of the girls. No, he decided, she wouldn't be there for at least thirty minutes yet. He started doggedly to reading again and when he came to the description of the heroine he found her name was "Mary," and the description just fit that of the Mary he knew. (He was careful not to think "his Mary.")

Ah! there were some more. He wondered who it was and thought dreamily that they would be coming thick and fast from now on. That girl's voice sounded something like Mary's. No, it couldn't be she, because this girl's laugh was too much of a giggle. He kept on like this, wondering if each girl was Mary, then being sure it wasn't, and then just as sure that it was until couples came less and less often and then after a long wait he decided they were all there.

Then he could hardly keep himself from rushing downstairs and talking to Mary. Finally he remembered that look she had given him long before when he had spoken to her, and it wasn't so hard to keep back the impulse. But if he could only see her that would help some. He wanted to go down and look in at the window, but decided that would scare somebody and when they all found out who it was would laugh at him the rest of his college days. Then he got what he thought was an inspiration.

Quite a bit below the window of the adjoining bedroom was a small balcony, below which were some French doors leading into what was then the ballroom. He could lean over the railing and look into the room and maybe he could see Mary. He suited his actions to his thoughts, but he found by leaning over as far as he could, he could only see a little corner of the room below. What luck! There was a girl coming into his range of vision; no, she only turned and went away again. My, but it was cold out there. Oh! there was another girl and it was Mary, for he recognized that gown as the one she had worn to one of the sorority dances. If he could only lean over a little farther, he would be able to see her hands. There—her escort was leaving her, probably to get some punch. He was making it; he could see the tips of her fingers; he could see that queer ring she always wore; he could——

An instant later Mary heard a thump on the ground outside the door and when she opened it, she found Bert sitting on the ground looking rather dazed and rubbing the back of his head.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, rather frightened, just as Arthur came to look for her. As soon as Art looked over her shoulder, he rushed outside and began asking Bert questions as fast as he could talk. There was a crowd of laughing boys around them as soon as the situation was understood. It was just as Bert feared—they laughed at him. They wouldn't even let him walk but insisted on carrying him in and putting him on the lounge in the rest room. They all soon left him and shut the door, insisting that solitude was

Anthony Wayne

INSTITUTE

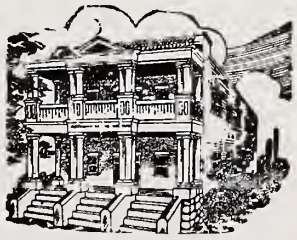
Exclusive to High School Graduates

Since we enroll a higher type of students, it is possible for us to offer a university course in business training. *We eliminate all Elementary Subjects.*

Present day business men want young people to all *Executive Positions.* We train for such positions. Every graduate is satisfactorily placed.

In choosing your profession or vocation do not overlook the unlimited possibilities in the business world. You can prepare in a short time and at a small cost for a high salaried position.

226-228
West Wayne
Street



Fort Wayne
Indiana
Phone 108

Students, Graduates and Their Friends

are always interested in the
Modern Business Courses

Scientific Accountancy, Auditing, Law, Secretarial, Civil Service, Bookkeeping, Stenography, Stenotypy, Dictophone, Etc.

and especially in the

"Mechanical" Courses

Offered by the

Day School
Night School
Home Study

The "International"
College of Business Professions

Phone
504
For
Catalog

120 W. Jefferson Street FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

necessary for the meditations of his sins.

He didn't have long to meditate, for he soon heard the door open and close and someone walk softly towards him.

"Mr. Morton," then a pause. "Did you hurt yourself?" The last in a very sympathetic tone. "Why did you do it?"

Bert turned and sat up and looked into a pair of big blue eyes a minute, wondering how he had ever kept away as long as he had. "I wanted to see you because you are so pretty," he said rather boldly.

She blushed, but didn't even pretend to mind. "Do you think that was worth the fall?" she asked rather teasingly.

He answered her question by another as he abruptly asked "Won't you please let me take you to the Inter-class Christmas Dance?"

Mary half turned away, but soon turned back and looked straight into those "beautiful brown eyes," as she rather timidly nodded "Yes."

"Oh, Mary," he murmured with anything but contempt.

In ancient times Italian youths
On hillsides piped their lays;
But now they're doomed in city streets
To laying pipes all day.

* * *

Bab: You would be a fine dancer if it wasn't for two things.

Buddy B.: What are they?

Bab: Your feet.

* * *

Miss Gardner: We shall now proceed to see whether this problem is soluable or not. What method of solution shall we use?

Dick Blitz: Dip it in water.

* * *

Ruth Glass: But I love him; he is the light of my life.

Mrs. Glass: That's all right, but we put out all the lights at 10 o'clock.

* * *

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS

"Please."

"Eggsactly."

In the Nature of Affairs—

CERTAIN THINGS

must grow better in one place than another. It was only the farmer having a friendly talk on the train: He was saying he always had his crop of early vegetables ready for market before his neighbors, giving the reason that he made his garden where it was sheltered from the winter winds and favored by the sun.

The knowing of such things, how to live and how to act with your tools and your knowledge, makes the difference between success and the middling ordinary results of labor of the men who often mumbles in a half growling mood when he is becoming the slackness and thinness of his farm, lying side by side with his neighbors.

Crops of any kind are not dependent upon soil alone, for time and care and quality and quantity of seed planted have much to do with the harvest.

"Happy-go-lucky" farming or storekeeping is much the same.

It is the man and the manner of operation just with a little "aboveness" in thinking out the right thing and applying his thinking at the right time in the proper place that fills the barns and savings banks or the store and its harvest.

Tepper Bros.

Fort Wayne -:- Indiana

Selma, Ala. New Brunswick, N. J.

Plainfield, N. J. Elmira, N. Y.

Compliments of

Northern Indiana Gas & Electric Company

"At Your Service"

Flowers---
for Graduation

Whether it's flowers for graduation or any other occasion, you will always find our service wholly to your liking and satisfaction.

You will also find the price arrangements pleasing and within reasonable bounds.

Ralph H. Pinkham

"The House of Flowers"

222 W. Berry St. ***Phone 4251***

RURODE'S

In Fort Wayne Since 1860

YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S STORE, YOUR MOTHER'S FAVORITE TRADING PLACE. WHY NOT MAKE IT YOUR STORE? WE KEEP ABREAST OF THE TIMES AND OUR EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US HOW TO SERVE YOU BEST

MAKE THIS YOUR STORE

Fort Wayne Engraving Company

Designers, Engravers, Electrotypers

Makers of
Half-tones and
Zinc Etchings
for all kinds of
High Class
Printing

Fort Wayne, Ind.

——The——
Steele-Myers Company
West Berry Street

In the heart of the city—a store where merchandise of quality is sold with an extra dash of service at prices which are always fair.

ELECTRIC
Light—Heat—Power

Irons, Washers, Vacuum Cleaners
All Other Electric Appliances

See These Appliances Demonstrated at Our Office
For Sale by All Electrical Dealers

Indiana SERVICE Corporation
Light and Power Department

Utility Building — 122 E. Wayne St.

Phones 298-299

TELEPHONE OPERATING

The Ideal Woman's Vocation

Telephone operating has many advantages when compared to many other vocations. It is no longer considered simply as a "job," but rather as a "profession." It really is a profession, and one in which a student, after once qualifying as a full-fledged and competent operator, has acquired a profession which is in itself a valuable asset and upon which one can readily realize a steady income at any time, and in practically any town, city or village in the country. Owing to the constant and rapid growth of the telephone business, the demand for telephone operators throughout the country is steadily increasing. Telephone work, therefore, should not be looked upon merely as a temporary form of employment. To the applicant who wishes to make the most out of her opportunities, and is willing to pay the price of success, advancement is bound to come. Operators and Chief Operators who are trained to a high point of efficiency are always in demand. The duties are pleasant to an unusual degree. The work itself is light and the fatigue resulting therefrom is reduced to a minimum; this means a substantial saving in strength and clothing when compared to most other occupations. The profession is free from direct and sometimes unpleasant association with the public, as is often the case in women's work, since here the employees are shielded from direct personal contact. While there are general instructions governing the work, still there are almost unlimited opportunities to develop the individual, as the power or ability to please or render satisfactory service to the subscribers and patrons is one of the prime requisites. The remuneration, when the number of hours on duty are considered, is better than the average. The surroundings are unusually pleasant when compared with other places of employment, and when considered from the standpoint of plenty of light, fresh air, clean and comfortable rooms.

We have splendid openings for wide-awake, ambitious girls who desire positions with a future.

Call Our Traffic Department No. 4800 for Particulars

The Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.

FORT WAYNE BOX COMPANY

CALHOUN AND SUPERIOR STS., FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
TELEPHONES 287 AND 919

We Operate the Most Modern and Up-to-Date Printing Plant in Northern Indiana

SEE us before placing orders elsewhere for Printing of every description, Lithographing, Blank Books or Loose Leaf Ledgers, Sectional Post Binders and Loose Leaf Sheets for every purpose.

We are in a position to produce any piece of printing complete. We furnish ideas, make designs and engravings, and do the printing and binding. In fact we will take entire charge of any piece of printing, leaving you nothing to do but to O. K. the work as it progresses.

Our complete organization, with the most modern equipment, makes it possible to give the best service for the least money.

FORT WAYNE BOX COMPANY

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY AND SERVICE"

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE - - - - - - - - - - - Page One
FOREWORD - - - - - - - - - - - - Page Two
DEDICATION - - - - - - - - - - - Page Three
SUPERINTENDENT R. W. HIMELICK - - - - - - Page Four
PRINCIPAL L. C. WARD - - - - - - - - Page Five
CALDRON ANNUAL OFFICIALS - - - - - - - Page Six
CALDRON STAFF - - - - - - - Pages Seven and Eight
LITERARY DEPARTMENT - - - - Pages Nine to Twenty-One

Editorials - - - - - - - Pages Eleven to Thirteen
A Mistake - - - - - - - - Pages Fourteen and Fifteen
Aboard the Tyronia - - - - Pages Sixteen and Seventeen
Oh Mary! - - - - - - - Pages Eighteen and Nineteen
Never Again - - - - - - Pages Twenty and Twenty-One

THE SENIOR BOOK - - - - Pages Twenty-Two to Seventy-Six

Class Dedication to Mr. Ward - - - - - Page Twenty-Two
The Senior Directory - - - - - - Page Twenty-Four
The Senior Officers - - - - - - - Page Twenty-Five
A Charge to the Senior Class - - - - - - Page Twenty-Six
The Seniors - - - - - - Pages Twenty-Seven to Fifty-Nine
To Miss Harrah - - - - - - - - - Page Sixty
The Past - - - - - - Pages Sixty-One and Sixty-Two
Result of Supervised Study - - - - - - Page Sixty-Two
The Future - - - - - - Pages Sixty-Three to Sixty-Five
1920 Honor Students - - - - - - - - Page Sixty-Five
Reminiscence - - - - - - - - - Page Sixty-Six
Board of Managers - - - - - - - - Page Sixty-Seven
Spotlight Officials - - - - - - - - Page Sixty-Eight
Spotlight Staff - - - - - Pages Seventy and Seventy-One
A Bit of History - - - - Pages Seventy-Two to Seventy-Six
High School Poem - - - - - - - - Page Seventy-Six

THE JUNIOR BOOK - - - - Pages Seventy-Seven to Eighty-Six

Junior Directory - - - - - - - Page Seventy-Eight
Junior Officers - - - - - - - - Page Seventy-Nine
History of 1921 Class - - - - - - - - Page Eighty
Why Go to a Fortune Teller - - - - - - Page Eighty-One
1921 Class Poem - - - Pages Eighty-Two and Eighty-Three
Junior Athletics - - - - Pages Eighty-Four and Eighty-Five
Junior Poem - - - - - - - - - Page Eighty-Six

THE SOPHOMORE BOOK - - Pages Eighty-Seven to Ninety-Three

Sophomore Directory - - - - - - - Page Eighty-Eight
Sophomore Officers - - - - - - - Page Eighty-Nine
Ye Sophomore Class Historie - - Pages Ninety and Ninety-One
Chat - - - - - - - Pages Ninety-Two and Ninety-Three

CONTENTS

THE FRESHMEN BOOK - - Pages Ninety-Five to Ninety-Eight

Freshmen Directory - - - - - - - Page Ninety-Six
Freshmen Officers - - - - - - - Page Ninety-Seven
Freshmen Class History - - - - - - Page Ninety-Eight

OUR FACULTY - - - - - - - - - Page Ninety-Nine

SOCIETY - - - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Three

DRAMATICS - - - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Seven

Debating - - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Nine
Dramatics Club Officials - - - - - Page One Hundred Ten
"Student Players" - - - - - - Page One Hundred Eleven
Cast of "Op 'O My Thumb" - - - - Page One Hundred Twelve
Cast of "Spreading the News" - - Page One Hundred Twelve
Spotlight Vaudeville - - - - - Page One Hundred Thirteen
Cast of "Green Stockings" - - - Page One Hundred Fourteen
"Green Stockings" - - - - - - Page One Hundred Fifteen

YOUR PAGE - - - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Sixteen

ORGANIZATIONS - - - - - - Page One Hundred Seventeen

Friendship Club - - - - - - Page One Hundred Nineteen
Sorosis - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Twenty-Two
Mathematics - - - - - - Page One Hundred Twenty-Four
Platonians - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Twenty-Six
Hi-Y Club - - - - - - Page One Hundred Twenty-Eight

LOOKING BACKWARD - - - - - Page One Hundred Thirty-Three

ATHLETICS - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Thirty-Seven

JOKES - - - - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Sixty

OUR NEW SCHOOL SONG - -- - Page One Hundred Thirty-Eight

CARTOONS—

Ed and Walt - - - - - - - - - - Page Six
The Honorable Bob - - - - - - - Page Sixty-Nine
"Green Stockings," But You Can't See 'Em - Page One Hundred-Two
"Just Cartoons" - - - - - Page One Hundred Thirty-Two
A Puzzle - - - - - - - Page One Hundred Thirty-Five
It's All Over - - - - - - Page One Hundred Ninety-Eight

SNAPSHOTS—

A Few Snapshots, More or Less - - - Page Ninety-Four
Actor and Actresses - - - - - Page One Hundred Eleven
Our Champion Baseball Team - - Page One Hundred Thirty-Six

ADVERTISEMENTS—One Hundred Sixty-Three to One Hundred Ninety-Five

OH GOSH!
OH GOSH!
CHICKEN
DINNER
FREE
EVERY ONE
INVITED
SNIFF
SNIFF
E.H. GUNDER

·IT'S·ALL·OVER·